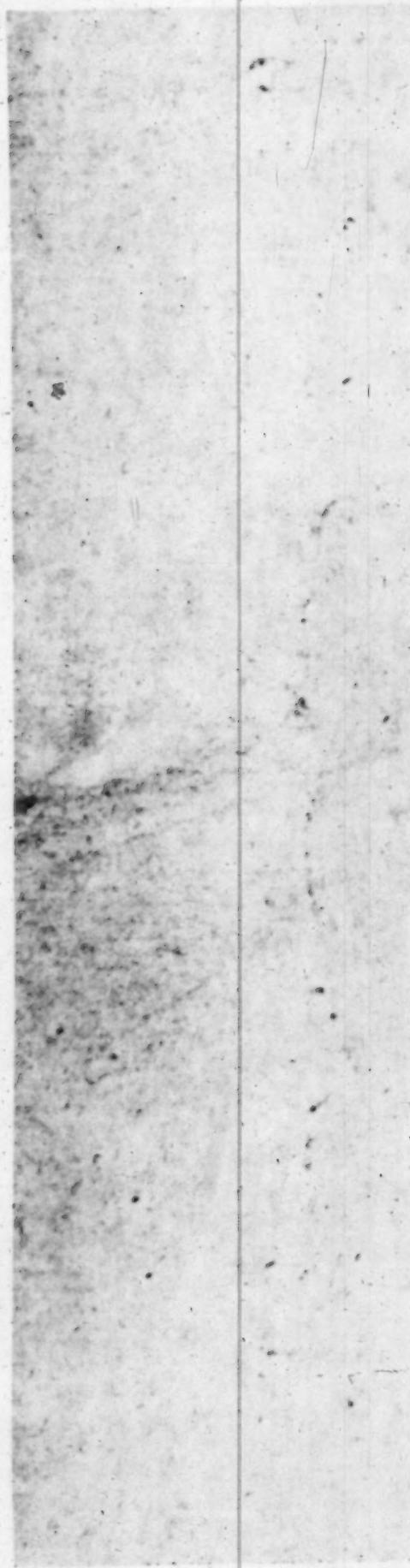


The Eglogs of the Poet  
B. Mantuan Carmelitan,  
Turned into English Verse, &  
set forth with the Argument  
to euery Eglogue by  
George Turberville Gent.

ANNO. 1567.



Imprinted at London in Pater noster  
Rowe, at the signe of the Marmayde,  
by Henrie Bynneman.



To the right worshipful  
and his good Vnkle, Maister

HUGH BAMPFIELD Esquier, GEORG<sup>E</sup>

TURBERVILLE wisheth Nestors  
yeares, vwith all good fortune.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \*



OR SHIPPEL, as des-  
ire not altogether to be  
idle and vvaste the gol-  
den Time (the rarest of  
all Iewels) procurde me  
to vndertake the trans-  
lation of this Poet: so  
Nature, vwith your sun-  
drie curtesies bestowed  
on me vwithout hope of  
recompence at any time, enforced me (for vwant of  
better vway to shewe my good meaning) to dedi-  
cate to you this rude and slender Booke, translated  
into our mother tongue. Hoping that as I haue not  
vronged the Poet in any poynt in my translation,  
or impairde his credite vwith the Latins, in forcing  
him to speake vwith an English mouth contrary to  
his nature and kinde: so neyther that I haue mini-  
stred you occasion to mylike vwith me for dedica-  
tion of the same to you: a man vwhose benefites I  
may and vwill endeuour to requite, but shall never

A.ij.

bo

## THE EPISTLE.

be able to rid my score of his good turnes, or cancell the obligation of hys many and infinite curtesies. If a man be bound by all meanes that he may to gratifie hys vwell deseruing friendes : then may not I quiet my selfe and be at silence till I haue devised the requital of some part of your friendships, by some slender gift, such as my Fortune and present chaunce vwill permit me to exhibite vnto you. And none can I fynde, eyther more agreeing vnto my state, or fitter for your vvorship, than this newv translated Poet. Whose title though at the first perhaps shall seeme ouerrude and barbarous (for E g-  
L o g s are altogether of the Countrey affaires) yet doubt I not but that both the matter shal be found pleasant, and the style agreeable to the Latin phrase. I do not mystrust but M A N T V A N S Shephierds vwill vse the matter vwith such dyscretion, and so set their rusticke Pipes in tune, as you vwill rather commend their melodie, than myslike their audacitie : that being Countrymen dare vndertake to tel their tales before you, and reason of so many and seueral matters as in these Eglogs they do. They vvere not in that age such siellie sottes as our Shephierdes are novve a dayes, onely hauing Reason by Experience to prate of their Pastures, and folde and vnfolde their flockes : But these fellowves, vwhome the Poet and I haue here brought in, vvere vwell able both to moue the doubtful cause, and (if neede vvere) to di- scide the proponed case. They not only knewe the Calfe from the Lambe, the Woulfe from the Ma- stife,

## THE EPISTLE.

slife, but had reason to know the dyfference twixt  
Tovnne and Countrey, the oddes betwixt Vice and  
Vertue, and other thinges needfull and appertay-  
ning to the life of man. Wherfore (Vnkle) as I shal  
crue you to accepte this my slender gift, vnder-  
taking the Patronage and Defence of the  
same: So shall I request the Gods  
to allowe you the aged  
Nestors yeares,  
with no myfcaduerture in al  
your life.

\*\*

Your Nephewe and daylie Orator  
George Turberville.



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A.iij. To the

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## To the Reader.



AVING TRANSLA-  
ted this Poet (gentle Rea-  
der) although basely and  
with barren pen, thought  
it not good nor friendly to  
\* \* \* \* \* withhold it frō thee: know-  
ing of olde thy wonted curtesie in per-  
using Bookes, and discretion in iudging  
them without affection. I shal think my  
paynes passing well imployed if y<sup>e</sup> shew  
thy accustomed fauoure to this Booke,  
which I haue nowe forced to a new and  
forraine Language from that it was.  
Though I haue altered the tong, I trust  
I haue not chaunged the Authors mea-  
ning or sense in any thing: but played  
the part of a true interpretor, obseruing  
that which we termie Decorum in eche  
respect, as far as the Poete and our mo-  
ther tong wold giue me leaue. For as y<sup>e</sup>  
conference betwixt Shephierds is fami-  
liar stuffe & homely: so haue I shapt my  
stile and tempred it with suche comonon  
and ordinarie phrase of speach as Coun-  
treymen do vse in their assailes: alway  
minding

## THE PREFACE.

Minning the saying of *Horace*, whose  
sentence I haue thus englighed.

To set a Manlie heade vpon a Horses necke,  
And all the lims with diuers plumes of diuers  
hue to decke,

Or paint a womans face aloft to open shewe,  
And make the Picture ende in fish, with scaly  
skinne belowe

I thinke(my friendes) would cause you laugh  
and smile to see

How yl these yl compacted things and mem-  
bers would agree.

For in dede, he that shall traſlate a Shep-  
hierds tale, and vſe the talke and ſtyle of  
an Heroicall personage, erpreſſing the  
ſielie mans meaning with loſtie thun-  
dering words: in my ſimple iudgement  
ioynes (as *Horace* ſayth) a Hoſes necke  
and a mans hed togither. For as the one  
were monſtrous to ſee, ſo were the other  
too fonde and fooliſh to reade. Wherefore  
I haue (I ſay) vſed the common country  
Phrase, according to the person of the  
ſpeakers in euery Eglogue, as though in  
dede the man him ſeſfe ſhoulde tell his  
tale. And the ſoner to let thee vnderſtand  
the matter contained in euery treatise,

## THE PREFACE.

I haue (I hope to thy god lyking) forswet the Argument. If there be any thing herein that thou shalt happē to mysluke, neyther blame the learned Poet, nor controll the clownish Shephierd (good Reader) but me that presumde rashely to offer so vnworthie matter to thy suruay. But if thou fancies or like wel with ought contained herein, commend Mantuan, extoll the Shephierd: sufficeth me to avoyd scotte free from staunderous snare. If I gaine thy god wil, I haue the gerdon of my trauaile. Thus presuming vpon thy pacience in perusing this Booke, thy vnconcupite Judge, mente in condemning & allowing the same,  
I ende my  
Preface, cravuing thee to lend  
quiet eare to Fortunatus and the rest of  
his compa-  
nions.

George Turberville.

The

¶ The first Eglogue of  
Mantuan, intituled

F A V S T V S.

The Argument:

A S Shepheards custome is  
When they do meete yfeare,  
To talkg of this or that,  
and tell the newes they heare :  
So Fortunatus craves  
of Faustus to begin  
Of auncient loue to treate,  
whilst flockes a feeding byn.  
When friendly Faustus sawe  
his earnest friends request:  
To tale of honest loue  
the Shepheard him addrest.

The speakers names.

Fortunatus. Faustus.

F Rend Faustus, pray the, since our flock Fortunat<sup>3</sup>  
in shade and pleasaunt vale  
Doth chelwe the cudde : of auncient loue  
let vs begin to tale.

W.i. Lcast

The first Egloge.

Least if by hap unhappy sleepe  
our senses should begyle,  
Some savage beast in sprouted corns  
our cattell catch the while :  
For many such about the fields  
do lurking lye in wayte.  
Wherfore to watch is better far  
than sleepe in my conceyte. \*

This place, this self same shadp bushe  
that shrowds vs from the heat,  
Knows how I haue be cloyd with cares  
and Cupids coales yfreat  
These. iij. yeares space, or ij. at least  
if I remember well.

But synce we are at leasure both,  
and pleasaunt is to tell :  
I will begin the whole discourse  
and shewe thee how it fell.  
Here I, whilst in my tender youth  
of cattell should had care,  
Would spread my garnet on the soyle ;  
and bolte upright would stare  
Into the open skyes alofte :  
With dolefull drops of byne  
And heany playnt recounting of  
this curssed fate of myne.

*Parstus*

326

The first Eglogue.

2

No pleasure I in quiet toke,  
no labour did delight  
My pensine brest, my Denie was dull,  
quight buried was my Spryte:  
As is the stomachke of the sick  
whom no good taste afflures  
Of lothsome meate, no patients mynd  
to appetite procures.  
Delight of Musicke was bereft,  
for Pipe I did not passe  
Compacted of vnegall quilles,  
my bothe but lothsome was.  
The syng & hound were hateful both,  
no pleasure I did put.  
In fowlyng then, twas yokesom eke  
with knyfe to cracke the Nut.  
To make the bulrushe baquet, or  
to guyle the fishe with gyn,  
Or searche y brakes for bredding byrons  
I forced not a pyr.  
Palester playss, and casting lots  
with finger I ne wond:  
Nor former games that pleasant were  
ere I this grief assayd.  
Wilde grapes to gather was a gall,  
and Strawberries to pull.

W.Y.

3

The first Eglogue.

I mournd as *Tereus* wife is mourne,  
that hauyng beake as full  
Of sute as it can hold, when she  
retourns from hir repast  
And sees hir yonglings borne away,  
she wareth all agast:  
And from the byll downe falleth bayte,  
hir heart begyns to quayle,  
And to the neighbour bushe she flies  
hir cruell haps to wayle  
For broud so lately borne away.  
O as the gallant cowre  
That hauyng loste hir lowing calfe  
in field begins to llove.  
And hauning filld the place with noyse  
and crying out a god:  
Repaires to shade and eates no grass  
nor dips hir flaps in floud.  
But why do I with long discourse  
thy lystnyng eares offend?  
This processe makes me both my tyme  
and wordis in waste to spend.  
This is the summe of all my tale,  
it grieu'd my weary sprite  
That miser I with these myne eyes  
did see the lothsome light.

And

The first Eglogue.

3

And if thou longyng for to learne  
the whole effect, shouldest say :  
Whos (Faustus) to these dredfull rockes  
did thee compell I pray ?  
Frind (Fortunatus) I will shewe  
the very trouth to thee.  
My little gircle that Galla hight  
had so entrapped mee  
With feature of hir friendly face  
and looks of louyng eye,  
As in hir crafty cobweb doth  
Arachne catche the flye.  
For why hir ruddy cheekes did striue  
with Corall for their hue :  
A pretty round and full face,  
a seemely sight to viewe.  
And of hir eyes though one there were  
that stode in little stede,  
Yet when I did recompte hir yeares  
and passing shape in dede :  
I did vniseke Dianas face,  
I sayd hir feature was  
Not worth a rushe, my Galla did  
hir blassing beautie passe. \*  
Louie (Faustus) blyndes the senses sore, Fortunatus  
it guiles the gazing eyes :

W.iii. 3t

The first Eglogue.

It reanes the freedome from the minde  
of man in monstrous wyse.

It doth bewitch our weakned sp̄ites.

I verily suppose  
Some Hellishe Impe doth force this fire  
and sowly ouerthrows  
And out of hōke doth heane our harts :

Loue is not as they say

A heauenly God, but bitter gall,  
and errour from the way. \*

Besides I had no hope at all  
my willhed god to gayne :

Though she ( god heart ) did rue my  
and pitied Faustus payne, ( case,  
And by hir becks, & wanton wyncks  
hir flame appeared playne.

For what soever way she went  
( a cruell canckred mafe ) :

Hir married faister hir ensude  
and followde Gallowgate.

The hard and churlish Mother eke  
Upon the wench did watch :

Eche thing did hinder myne intent.

Euen as the Cat to catch

The pretty, perte, & poickeard Wombe  
obserues with earnest eye

The

Faustus

The first Eglogue.

4

The clouen cranie, and the beast  
on bacon fitchē doth prie \*

The porred paunch and stuffed malv Fortunat<sup>e</sup>  
commendeth fasting much :

And they that are not dry, at those  
that long for lycour grutche. \*

Twas time with crooked sythe to sheare Faustus  
the corne that grewe in fielde,

The Barly all about the landes  
a golden gleame did yelde.

The Mother (as the custome is)  
came with hir Daughters both,

To gather vp the shatered sheaves  
which reaper ouergoth.

For she wiste nothing of our Loue,  
or made as though she had

Not knownen a white therof : I thinke  
she was not halfe so made

But that she found it well yngrough,  
and did dissemble soye :

For she ia deede (I stend assurde)  
had vnderstode before

Hir daughter had a Leueret tane  
in paune of my good will :

A payre of stocke Dowes eke she had  
to kepe or else to kill. \*

W. H. Ths

The first Eglogue.

*Fortunat* The wāt of wealth god nurture mārs  
the pāre is prone to fall :  
He slydes into the snare of shāre  
and is to vices thāll. \*

*Faustus* The virgin gathering vp hir grips,  
came after me a pace,  
With open b̄east and naked foot  
and flænelesse armes, in case  
As fittest was for scorching heate  
and sommers scalding blāse,  
With wreathed bough about hir brows  
to kepe hir beauty bright :  
For cause the heate wil hurt the hue  
and make it swarth to sight,  
In sorte that Louers never will  
conceiue therof delight.

And euer as she did approche  
my shattred sheafe I shooke :  
And as from out my fist it fell  
that vp my minion tooke.

For women neyther can conceale  
their griefs and wasting glāde,  
Nor conquer cares, ne yet deser  
the same till time of neede :  
Such lightnesse rayns in thē by kind  
as out it shall with spedē. \*\*\*

W<sup>th</sup>o

The first Eglogue.

5

Who so doth loue is light God swotte,  
not womankinde alone,  
But very they that darmed are  
to sitte in *Pallas* throne,  
And wisedomis gaudy garland weare  
about their tryed hed :  
Pea those of poudred purple that  
and Senate robes are sped.  
Whom I in stately sorte haue sene  
like Koyall Kings to walke,  
And earst in proud presumptuous sorte  
about the streates to stalke.  
And thou perhaps affectiond so  
werre madder of the twayne,  
And lighter eke : thou shattredst corne,  
She tooke it vp agayne.  
Thou gau'st þ graine þ she recei'd,  
I pray thee tell me now  
Which was the wyllest of the both,  
the littell trull or thou : }  
Speake on, for talke is it that must  
dryue sleepe from heauy brow. \*

The angry Weland looking backe

With shrowded visage prates,  
And criide why (*Galla*) whither goest ?  
Why doest thou leaue thy mates ?

Fortunat

Faustus

W.v. Come

The first Eglogue.

Come hither (Galla) here among  
the Alder boughes I haue  
Founde out a pleasant shadwy plotte  
from Phœbus flames to sauue  
Our ouerchaufed limmes with heate,  
the whisling ayre doth cause  
The trembling leaues to make a noyse,  
tis beste here right to pause.  
O hatefull words to Faustus eares :  
go gentle winds I pray  
And beare (quod I) with mymble gale  
this curssed sounde away.  
If any Shepherd bring his flocke  
into a fertile bayne,  
And will not let them fede their fill  
but dryue them backe agayne ,  
O hauyng fedde, will stay the stremes  
and never let them drinke,  
But force them to forgoe the flond :  
wouldst thou not surely thinke  
That man to be a monster fell  
and natures truell foe,  
And stony hearted that could vse  
his sielly cattle foe ?  
That voyce to me more grieffull was  
than Junos husbands threats,

Whel

The first Eglogue.

6

Whē down he flings his flaxling flaks,  
and earth with Imber beats.  
I wold not, but I could not chōse  
but backward cast myne eye :  
And *Galla* looking vnder brow,  
gan out of hand reply.  
She bent hir friendly blincks as fast,  
and rold hir eyes aside :  
Which by and by the chiding Dame  
by spitefull fortune spide.  
And call'd upon the wanton *Wench* :  
but *Galla* bent the more  
To worke, refusde to lend an eare  
to hir that chid so sore.  
As she with fote pursude my pace,  
so did she eke in hart :  
Then I full like a craftie childe,  
(for Loue ministers art  
And doth instruct his thralls with dole)  
would often sing a song,  
And often on the Reapers arie,  
and haruest folks among.  
A crafty cloake to make the Dame  
and wedded Sister lame  
That *Galla* to theyz clepting cries  
no eare at all did geue.

With

The first Eglogue.

With sythe I shore adoun the briers,  
for that I would be sure.

The prickes to *Gallas* tender fete  
no damage should procure. \* \* \*

*Fortunat* Who so doth loue (no doubt) is slauē  
and follows (like a thrall  
Inchaynde) his chosen Maistresse fete  
till yoke his necke do gall.

Sweete blowes to beare he is compeld  
Upon his beastly corse,  
He bides the goade, and like an Dre  
doth drawe the plough perforce. \*

*Faustus* And thou as far as I can learne,  
haste felte *Cupidos* darte. \* \* \*

*Fortunat* Tushe tys a conuision euill, who hath  
not played some frantike parte? \*

*Faustus* This painfull pleasure of the mind,  
this sugred venom grewe  
From day to day to more and more,  
more cruell twas to victore.

Even as the heate of *Phabus* flames  
augment their scortching blast  
And partching powre frō lesse to more,  
till nine of clocke be past.

I wore agaste lyke one that was  
of late bereft his wits,

Besides

The first Eglogue.

7

Besides my selfe (no doubt) I was,  
and rackte with furious fits.  
Unmindfull beast I was become,  
I tooke no nightly rest:  
I was easie eke to know my grief,  
The browe bewrayes the brest.  
Which thing as sones my Father spide,  
more gentle he became  
Than earste, for that him self had felte  
the force of Cupids flame.  
And knew ther of the burden well  
hoin heauiy twas to beare:  
Wherfore in courteous sorte he sayde.  
Sonne Faustus bannishe feare,  
And tell thy father what thou aylste,  
and hidden haste in harte:  
(Unhappy boy) this face declares  
that thou haste felt the darte  
Of Loue, come off, and take no shame  
but tell me how thou fare:  
Bewraye to me thy pensue thought  
that breedes this cutting care. \*\*  
Pea, though the father checke his child  
and use a bended browe,  
His mynd is frindlier than his face,  
he loues him well ynowe.

Forman?

3

The first Eglogue.

*Faustus*

I seing that my Sire became  
so courteous, out of hand  
Confest the matter, and declarde  
how thoe the case did stand.  
I crav'd his helpe, he straight behight  
that he woulde do his best:  
And so (or eare the winter frost  
with glare the ground opprest)  
The kinsfolk and the Father had  
betrothde the Mayd to mee.  
But she and I could never deale  
alone, but some woulde see  
And warely watch what coyle we kept:  
I was a Tantal right,  
I stode amyd the water, but  
I could not drinke a whit.  
O Lord how often leauing plough  
and Oren all alone,  
When she was sole at home, haue I  
vnto hir mothers gone?  
I woulde devise excuses store,  
the plough tayle, or the yoake,  
The share, þ chaynes, þ spittestaffe etc  
my subtill craft to cloake.  
And all at þ other lawes I sette,  
I could not want a iotte,

But

But yet (good Wench) hir company  
I could not haue God wotte.  
I was not slack to doe my due,  
to fish, to foule, to humte :  
I f'ore began and practisde seates  
at I of yore was wonte.  
What soeuer was my lucke to catche,  
what game so ere I kilde,  
To mother lawes I bore, and was  
surmisde a courteous childe.  
At midnight once (as promis was  
betwixte the Wench and me) }  
I came unto hir Mothers house,  
in hope to haue some glæs : }  
The Dogges (not sleepy then) at dore  
some theſe surmisde to bæ.  
With open lawes on me they ranne,  
I leapt a hedge in hast. }  
And so with much adoe escapde  
the cursed Curses at laſt : }  
With ſuch deuises all the colde  
and Winter time we paſt.  
The Spring was come, þy groves were  
the vine began to ſpread : (greene,  
The ploughman Barly gan to ſow,  
ſoþ Wheat had taken head.

Lamprey.

The first Eglogue.

*Lamperydes those glisstring soules  
with glowing wings did sive,  
Whiche did declare to husbandmen  
that haruest tyme was nre.*

*Behold, the mariage daye was come,  
a wedded wight I was :  
What neede so many words : at night  
to bed in post we passe.*

*I wissched time to both God wotte,  
my Barke with blessed blast  
And merrie gale of winde vnto  
the hauen came at last.*

*Then with a slayfred Dre two daye  
we kepte a solenne feast,  
And vnderneath a spreading tre  
the tables were address.*

*Oenophilus was there, on whom  
full fraught with Bacchus wares  
And making spoerte, with willing eyes  
the whole assemble stares.*

*With pipe was Tonius eke at hand,  
who after meate to shewe  
His skill, the paynted bagpipe raught,  
and gan theron to blowe.*

*His alie cheeke with blasting breath  
full wide he made to stroute,*

CCIII

The first Eglogue.

9

When he began to puffe the pipe,  
he stared all aboute,  
And listed vp his bittle browes,  
and from his lungs full oft,  
He drew his winde to fill the bagge,  
that being stuffed tost,  
And brosed with his elbowe downe,  
did yelde his sounde aloft.

With finger frisking here and there,  
as he was piping ape :  
He call'd the youth from table, and  
invited them to play,  
And hoppe about the open strater,  
and daunce away the day.

There are since that thre winters past,  
fourth Sommer comes in place :  
I see if any god day therē bee,  
it flies away apace.

Is nothing pleasant in this wrold  
but passeth by in hast :

But batfull happes and vilesst things  
we see doe longe st last. \* \* \*

O Fauste, doest see : to yonder bine,  
the flocke doth go with spedde,  
Wherfore least we be tarey soore,  
tis time to trudge in dorde.

Fortunatus

C.i.

The

¶ The. ij. Eglogue en-  
tituled FORTVNATVS.

The Argument:

¶ He pranks that Padus playde  
in breaking downe his bounds,  
And how he had dismayde  
men, shewe, and pasture grounds,  
His Faustus tale to quire,  
here Fortunatus gan:  
And after to recite  
the fonde affects of man.  
Of mad Amyntas loue  
and passing rage to tell,  
For other mens behoue  
this zealous shewheard fell.

The speakers names.

Faustus. Fortunatus.

Faustus.

H D<sup>w</sup> hapt(my frēd) you com so late:  
a weeke is past and gone:  
What bred thy stay: amoyes thy shewe  
the soyle they feede vpon? \* \* \*

D

The second Eglogue.

10

¶ Faustus, Pade the floud that fletes *Fortunas*  
and runnes alongst our groundes  
Willas woren egall with the banks :  
it had so pass his bounds,  
That we not forcyng on our flockes,  
for private profits sake  
And commone safetie were constraindes  
both day and night to make  
A Bay to beate the waters backe  
and cause them to recoule,  
For feare lest Padus wold haue drownyd  
and overflowne our soyle. \*

¶ Pea Padus sundry times when he  
doth swell aboue his banks,  
(As Tityrus can witnesse well)  
playes many spitefull pranks. \*\*

Euen as thou sayst, perhaps he doth,  
When out of meane and tyme  
He boyles by force of Sommer blase,  
and boue the banke doth clyme.

But now the yeare requires the same,  
for from the frosty hills  
The Winter snow descendeth downe :  
The Mount with water fills  
The slacked flouds, and doth discharge  
him selfe : the floud as fast

*Faustus*

*Fortunas*

C. y.

Coll.

The seconde Eglogue.

Conuayes his burden and the waues  
to gulletching seas doth cast.  
They play the part that men are wont :  
so when the heauy packe,  
Doth pinche our limmes, we cast it on  
our nearey neighbours backe. \* \* \*

*Fortunatus* But now the chaneil hath renokde  
his spoutyng spring agayne. \*

*Faustus* O Fortunatus (wonder tis  
and monstrous thing to sayne)  
Though Padus doe decrease, our lake  
with greater surge doth swell :  
The Citie swimmes aloft the streme,  
a straungie tale to tell.

The vaultes and sellars ditches are,  
in whirries men resort  
Unto the barrells, drawers haue  
a iolly glē and sport,  
To goe by water with their Jacks  
and fetche the wyne away  
By bottels full, that earst full dry  
in secrete cellar lay.

On Townish men (though happy they  
appeare to open sight)  
Yet many times unhappy haps,  
and cruell chances light. \* \* \*

From

The seconde Egloge.

ii

From euery pleasure doth aryse  
displeasure in the ende :

Fortunat<sup>o</sup>

And aye from euery blessed happe  
doth balefull lucke depende. \*

Thus much of *Padus* hath ben tolde,  
now let's recite eur Loue :  
Since sciendly *Venus* therunto  
in eche respect doth moue.

Faustus

The weather is full warme we see,  
the soyle is greene to viewe :  
The soules about the field do syng,  
now euery thing doth mewe,  
And shifte his rustie winter robe. \* \*

Fortunat<sup>o</sup>

Thou hasse in shepheards verse  
Declarde thy loue, but I will gyn  
anotheres to reherse,  
(A shepherd who thou knowst full wel)  
to make it playne in sight

What force there rests in *Venus* flame,  
and shewe hir stately night.

Anynt<sup>o</sup> is pore (God wotte) and boone  
vnluckie vnder signe :

Sixt calues of egall age possesse,  
and had as many kine.

Whome as he draue to pasture with  
a Buil that fether was

C. i. i.

To

The seconde Eglogue.

To all the hird : It was his chaunce  
by Coytus to passe.

A place where Myncius with his cleare  
and filuer chanell flowes  
And swifly all the grassy soyle  
and meadowes ouergoes.

A Castell new with battled walls  
there faceth on the floode :  
High raysed up that Coyte hight,  
and on the marishe stode.

Here resting hym by Riner's side  
where grew a goodly vine,  
That w̄ his boughs did shade ȳ banks  
and waters passing fine,

He stayde to ratth the glidng fish  
with baited hooke and line.

Twas Haruest time, ȳ scorching beams  
of scalding Phæbus raves  
Had singde the soyle, the Nightingale  
had layde aside hir laves.

The ground was withred in such wyls  
as neither flocke coulde feede

Theron by day, nor deawe was left  
so: Grassehoppers at neede,  
By night to moist their crikyng chaps.  
Here whylst he spent the tyde

About

The seconde Eglogue. 12

About the Riner, and this sonde  
and bayne devise applyde.  
The Bull first vered with the Waspe,  
and next with cures they say,  
And last by filching Souldiers meate  
Was quite conuayde away,  
Not to be found in field. Which when  
the Boy had vnderstoode,  
He gat hym to a Mountayne by  
and cried out a god  
For Bull unhappy lost of late,  
and all the countrey sought  
With grēdy gazing eye. But when  
he sawe it booted nought  
And that his payne could not preuaile:  
his bended Bowe he tooke,  
And painted Quiver full of shafts  
and for his beast gan looke  
Through woods wher was no haunted  
through every flock & fold, (path,  
Through pastures eke to see where he  
his Bullocke might behold.  
About Benacus bankes he went,  
and Mountes with Dline tree  
Beset, and places where both Figge  
and Wine was grēne to see.

C.iiiij.

At

The seconde Eglogue.

At length a haughtie hill he bent,  
Where did a Chappell stande  
Of Sulphur, and from thence he cast  
his eies about the lande,  
And overbie wode Benacus bounds,  
and all the countrey rounde,  
To see where in that coast there were  
his Bullock to be founde.  
It was Saint Peters day by course  
and custome of the yere,  
The youth of every village by,  
at after noone was there:  
And vnderneath a greynysh Elme  
that shadowed all the soyle,  
At sounde of pleasant countrey pipe  
they dauncde, and kept a coyle. \*

*Faustus*

The country Cloines can not be fande  
by any kinde of arte,  
Unquiet they delight in stoeate:  
when Priest hath done his parte,  
And morwyng Prayers ended are,  
the Holy day (when all  
Should ceasse from toyle) impaciēt they  
of rest and hunger, fall  
To sallyng of their greedy malves  
and tossyng of the cup:

End

The seconde Eglogue.

13

And hpe to daunce, as soone as myl  
streil gyns to pype it vp :  
They treade it tricksie vnder treē,  
one skippes as he were mad,  
An other wimpes as twere an Ore  
vnto the Aultar lad.

The sacred soyle (that synne it were  
to turne with toylng share,  
And cut with crooked culter) they  
can not endure to spare :

But friske theron like frātike foles  
vnwieldy wights (God wot)  
With leaden legs and heauy heeles  
about the Churchyarde trot.

And all the day do crie and laugh,  
and lay their lips to pot. \* \*

Thou dolt, why dost thou chat of this? *Fortuna.*  
thy selfe a rustike borne :

The maners of the countrey Cloines,  
and rustike route doest scorne.

Thou dost thy selfe cōdemne withall,  
thou art thy proper foe. \*

Tushe of Amyntas let vs chat,  
let all these matters go.

I speake it but in sporte (my friende)  
I trust you take it so.

*Fauſtus*

C.v.

Ye

The seconde Eglogue.

He stayde, and leaning gaynst his staff  
ymade of Acer tree,  
Did stint from trauaile till the heate  
micht somewhat swaged bee.  
O most vnhappy haplesse youth,  
in shade a greater flash  
Will seaze thy corps: shut vp thine eyes  
least whilst Diana wash  
Hir louely lynes in siluer stremes  
thou naked hir espie:  
O lende a listning eare vnto  
the Syrens when they crie.  
Thy luckie with *Narcisse* beaup loze,  
may well compared bee:  
For, whilst in *Uell* he sought to slake  
his thirst, the more was hee  
(Unlucky lad) with drought attachde:  
so whilst thou doest devise  
This outward heate to flee, an in  
warde flame doth thee surprise.  
How much had better bene (I pray)  
and happier for the,  
(Unlesse the fatall Gods would had  
thy destnie so to bee)  
To thy remainder flocke in fieldes  
to haue returned backe,

And

And kepte thy Bye, and let alons  
the Bull that was a lacke :  
And taken in good part the losse  
of that one beast alone,  
Than thus, in seeking nought to finde  
thy selfe to have forgone. \*

Oh Friende, who is not vnise become  
when things are at the wurst ?  
Tis naught to give advise in faire  
that should bene had at furst. \*\*  
The counsell that comes after all  
thyngs are dispatcht at last,  
Is like a showre of rayne that falls  
when sowing time is past.  
Among the rest of all the route  
a passing proper Lasse,  
A white haire trull of twenty yeares  
or naere aboute there was :  
In stature passyng all the rest,  
a gallant Girle for helwe :  
To be cōpard with Townish Nymphs  
so faire she was to belieue. !!  
Hir forehead cloth with gold was pürlede  
a little here and theare :  
With copper claspe about hir necke  
a kerchise did she weare.

*Faustus**Fortunat<sup>o</sup>**That*

The seconde Eglogue.

That reached to hir breast and paps :  
the Wench about hir wast,  
A gallant gaudy ribande had  
that girte hir body fast.  
In petticoate of countrey stoffe  
Mockadoe like, she goes :  
Twas plaited braue, þ length was such  
it heng nie to hir toes.  
As soone as hir the youth had spide,  
he perisht by and by :  
By sight he sucking in the flame,  
and meane of wanton eye :  
He swalloowde by the blinding syre,  
and in his belly plaste  
The coles that neither waues could  
nor rainie imber wast,      (quēch  
No not inchāmets, witches words,  
it cloong so close and fast.  
Forgetful he of former flocke,  
and damage done with waues,  
Was all enraged with this flash,  
at night he nought but raves.  
The season that for quiet sleepe  
by nature porited was,  
In bitter plaintes and cruell cries,  
this burning Woy did passe.

I sun.

The seconde Eglogue.

15

I sundry times for pities sake  
his growing flame to stay,  
And stop the frantike furie, would  
to hym full often say :  
O lamentable lad, what God  
hath forcde thee thus to fare ?  
But sure it was no wo:ke of Gods  
that b:ed this bitter care.  
Nay rather twas the cruelst impe,  
and spitefulst fiende of hell,  
Of those with Lucifer that from  
the skies to dungeon fell,  
That nine dayes space were tumbling  
I pray thee make me shew (downe :  
And call to mynde where euer yet  
thou any man dydste know  
By foolish loue aduancde to wealth,  
or any office bo:ne :  
Or raisde by meanes therof his house,  
or stufft his barnes with corne ?  
Dydste euer any knowe that hath  
therby enlargde his bounds :  
Increasste his flocke, or for his hird,  
ygotten fruitful grounds ?  
Among so many countreys tell  
me, if thou heardst of one,

At any

The seconde Eglogue.

At any tyme through all the earth  
I thinks was never none.  
There are that to their bloudy bōdes  
our crushed bodies beare,  
And butcherlike (with grēdy teeth)  
our rented corses teare.  
These are, I say, whom sp̄itefull fiends  
vnto suchē practise d̄ryue :  
Yet is there no such kynde of men  
so cruell here alyue :  
No countrey is so barbarous,  
is none so sauage seckte,  
As doth not hate the womans loue  
and fancies fonde reicte.  
Thence brawles ar bred, thēce chidings  
thence broiling warre & strife (come,  
Pea osten eke with sheading blood  
the cruell losse of life.  
By meanes therof are Cities sackt,  
and Bulwarks beate to grounde :  
Moreover Lawes and sacred Bookes  
in yron chaines ybounde,  
Forbid and give vs charge to flee  
in any case this Loue :  
With words erprely Cupide they  
and all his toyes disproue.

Amyn.

Amynas had no sooner heard  
the name of Lawes rehearst,  
But answered (for in Citie he  
a Boy was fostred earst)  
Thou goest about to farre surmount  
by giuing this aduise  
The Catō both, and to be thought  
both circumspect and wise.  
This errorr and this madnesse beares  
eche where a cruell swaye:  
Man flattreth with him self, and would  
be counted crafty, aye  
A creature able to fo: see:  
yet many a snare and gin  
And ditche that he him selfe hath delu'de  
the Miser falleth in.  
He first was frē, but to his necke  
him selfe did frame the yoke:  
In seruile chaine him selfe he bounde,  
and bands of freedome b:oke.  
So weightie are those Lawes (my selfe  
haue seene the bookes ere this)  
As neither predecessours, nor  
our selues can kepe ywis:  
Nor aftercommers shall obserue  
the meanyng of the same.

Behold

The seconde Eglogue.

Behold the foolish wit of man,  
that thinkes such feate to frame,  
As to the heauens to aspire :  
and hopes at length to get  
Among the glistryng starres aloft  
a stately rōome and seate.  
Perhaps when life is lost, he shall  
into a foule conuarte :  
And then his feathred soule with wyngs  
so welkin shall departe.  
And then (quod I) what brasile is this ?  
since God dyd so devise  
The lawes, twere fowle offence for man  
his statutes to despise. \*

*Faustus*

These are debates of great affaires  
and weighty things in deede. \*\*\*

*Fortunat* \*

Wott' st thou what kind of man I was ?

though ragged be my weede,

And I a rustike now to see :

then both in force and mynde

And looks, I was a roysting lad.

Thou shouldest not lightly fynde

A shepheard to be matchte with me. \*

And yet if bolte vpright

Thou staltke with countnance cast aloft  
thou wilt appeare in sight,

*Faustus*

A se

A second *Marius* to be :

let Barbar shauē thy face  
With razer, and in countenance thou  
wilt matche with *Carbos* grace.\*\*

*Amyntas* would like aunswer make Fortunat?

when I his follie blamde :

But to procede : when God had man  
in perfect figure framde ,

He did repine therat and thought  
the pleasures he allowde

Too passing were : and did restrayne  
our lust with law, and bowde

Our Rebell minds with new decaes :  
as Horsemen vse to tie

Theyr iades with brakes about y iawes  
for feare they goe awrie .

Herein Loue maks me shew my munde,  
and fonsie freely tell :

Who so debarres his wife to goe  
in common doth not well,

But envious may accepted be.

But yet this spitefull hate

The cloake of honest custome doth  
in some respect abate.

For whilst ech man unto him self  
(not forzing common good)

D. J. Reserv'd

The second Eglogue.

Reserv'd his private iopes, and to  
his marriage bargain stood.  
A common custome is incrochte  
that Honestie is hight,  
God sayth to make such pievish lawes  
twas mad and foolish spight.  
A hatefull thing is Loue (God wotte)  
and pleasure spitefull eke.  
Then I no longer daring to  
the Youth athwarte to speake,  
Shooke of the raging wanton Boy  
that seemde berefte of sense :  
And on my former voyage I  
estsonne departed thence. \*

*Faustus*  
Hear how this vile Affection sonde  
our inwarde eyes of mynd  
Shutts vp in such despiteous sorte,  
and makes vs men so blinde,  
As headlong we to errors runns  
and to deceiptfull snare :

Till tyme we bee in wilfull frappe  
and nipt with cutting care : \*\*

*Fortunat* Oh, doest thou see (frend *Faustus*) how  
the pitchy cloudes vpon  
Mount Baldus to a cluster goe,  
and ioyne them selues in one :

The third Eglogue.

18

It hayles, so feare our cattell bee  
dispersed, let's bee gone.

¶ The. iij. Eglogue en-  
tituled F A U S T U S.

The Argument.

THE Tylmans weare toyle  
and troublous life he splyes :  
And laste Amyntas cruell foyle  
by francicke Loun betrayes.

The speakers names.

Faustus. Fortunatus.

THE hayle (my friend) from Baldus Faustus  
that yesterdaye did fall (mount  
(We thank the Gods, y saue our corn)  
anoyde vs nought at all.  
But Harculus reported hath  
and bruted here a fame :  
That in the coast was much a doe  
from whence he lately came.  
Verona fieldes were pestered sore,  
the cattell with the folde :

D.ij. The

The third Eglogue.

The Sheperots & the Barnes the haile  
(as he half weeping tolde)  
Hath ouerwhelmde & layd on ground,  
and in such sorte defast :  
As all god hope that husbands had  
is quite bereft and past.  
For Cattle is the onely wealth  
that Country men enioy,  
And pasture ground that subiect is  
to this and like annoy.  
The Citizens haue heaped hoo:ds  
and coffers full of pence :  
That safely vnder locke do turke  
and made no other fence.  
No hayle can hurt, no force of frost  
theyr coffred corne can marre :  
No crushing yse, nor stormy cloudes  
that in the Welkin warre.  
I wote not who doth rule the winds,  
and beares the swinging swaye  
Among the fell tempestuous Skyes :  
I wote not what to saye.  
I know not, no nor though I did,  
that knowledge would suffice :  
I dare to speake. But what : shall I  
for such an enterprize

Be here aliue tormentid thus :  
if Gods (as men reporte)  
The Skies do gouerne from aboue  
and rule in such a sorte :  
I thinke they forre not on the paynes  
and troublous toyles of man.  
See how with dayly sweate of brow  
we get as wel's we can  
A slender living (God he knowes)  
behold what cruell paynes  
The sicly Shepherd for his flocke,  
his babes and spouse sustaynes.  
With too much heate in Sommer cloyde,  
in Winter nipte with colde :  
The Rayne dayes upon the ground  
we slepe in Shepecots olde.  
And eyther thousand mischiefs of  
the soyle our cattell spill :  
Or Cooth, and dayly vile disease  
and thousand daungers kill.  
The fitching Thaefe doth watch y fold,  
the Woulfe doth lye in wayte :  
The Souldier eke that far excels  
the Woulfe for such deceipte.  
Yea though with dayly trade and toyle  
our handes well hardened be ,

D.ij. And

The third Eglogue.

And full of knobby hils our fifties,  
though visage swart to see,  
Though staring bet the beard to view  
and shryu led eke the skyn :  
One showre of hawl with sodayn whil  
makes all not worth a pyn.  
And this by Gods themselves is done,  
to whom we Shepheards we  
Do crouche at sacred Altar stone  
with twysold bended knie,  
and offer holly candles vp.  
I wote not what this Pietie  
and Clemency doth meane,  
That selly vs pore Shepheards spoyles  
of all our substance cleane,  
And wraps vs in a thousand ylls  
that thincke no hurt at all. \*

Faustus

Ob(Fortunatus)our offence  
procures these plages to fall.

And light upon our hatefull heads  
that well deserue the same :

The iudgement of our God is iust,  
he not deserueth blame. \* \* \*

Fortuna.

What heynous fact of ours I pray :  
did we his death conspire ? \*

Fr

For brawles, theste, anger, baudy life,  
and lies we haue this hyre. \* \* Faustus

What haue the good deserued then?  
all are not ill alyke: Fortunat<sup>o</sup>

Pet all at once with egall scourge  
the hatefull Hag doth stryke. \*

Oh vyle offence, so euill to thincke  
of God is heynous cryme: Faustus

Wherfore omitting needlesse things  
not to be knownen, in tymie,

Amyntas troubles let's repeate  
and carcs endurde of olde,

Whiche of force by triall know,  
let them I say be tolde

Afreshe. For Lone a practise is  
full common now a dayes:

A dayly trade which ouermuch  
the tender youth assares. \* \* Faustus

Friend, (mourning, & such like affects) Fortunat<sup>o</sup>  
do ouerthrow the hart,

And plages the mynd: hee tels a wo,  
full tale that tasteth smarte. \*

Well may a man debate of things  
as state and time require, Faustus

But not of such as hee ne knewe:

So Cosmas did aspire

The third Eglogue.

*Fortuna.*

To be accompted wise and graue. \*

Thou doest (friend *Faustus*) well  
And wisely: wherfore let's begin  
well knownen Loues to tell.

Kemaynes of god *Amynas* rage  
and latter fate to rue,

And that vnhappy chaunce of his  
with bitter teares pursue.

*Narratio* I saue, as I by fortune past  
eftsone that way agayne,  
The man in radge: and taking ruth  
of stelly Louers payne,

Bespake him as I earst had done.  
O wilfull wight (quod I)

That with this fatall venom byle  
besotted so doest lie,

Of whom the people haue their talke  
and babble euery day,

Hast thou not yet putte fansies fonde  
and folish thought away?

But buried deepe in Loue dost lie?  
what? wilt thou spoyle both thē

And thyne, thy Cattell and thy Cōte  
as earst did Sampson hee

That Gyant huge that halde the house  
and rose vpon his hed?

When

The third Eglogue. 21

When crooked lymping age shall come,  
and braue Iuenta fled,  
(If Fates allow thee olde to bee)  
who will relieu thee than  
Pore, idle, droutie, senslesse wight,  
and feble foeclesse man,  
All these (vnlesse vntunely death  
preuent) with Age will growe.  
Go to, hast hōme, be ware and wise,  
and whither thou dost goe  
Take haede, & shunne the place where  
may fortune to arise: (hurt  
Be ware (I say) thy future state  
foecoe with carefull eyes.  
Discerne the path thou mindst to pace,  
and fixe thou fast in minde  
That man in womans pleasures and  
delights is not assinde  
To wast away his youthfull prime.  
For why the foolish toy  
And wicked lust of wanton loue  
doth tender age annoy.  
Euen I that Cattell haue good stoe  
and milke and cheese ynow,  
Lyue hardly, and do weare away  
the wold with sweate of brow

D. v. And

The third Eglogue.

And much adoe God wote. For why  
our fields did fayle of late,  
Such neede doth raygne in euery plau  
we are at beggars state.  
So many heauy happes we haue,  
such mischiefs dayly light,  
Such crabbed lucke as all the world  
is now in piteous plight.  
Gine care to things not heard alons  
or spred by bruted fame,  
For many yeares agoe betyde,  
my self haue scene the same:  
And at this day do dayly viewe,  
the prouise doth now appears.  
As custome is, in Month of May  
I earst my Shepe did sheare,  
And threescore pounds of passing woll  
betyme to sale did sette:  
But now a dayes I thought alike  
like gaynes therby to gette,  
And scarce could kepe my flock aline  
and Winter fodder bie,  
In frost and snow the cruell wante  
of pasture to supplie.  
Oh Lord (Amyntas) how my folke  
shall lyue I know not I.

W<sup>t</sup>ho

The third Eglogue. 22

Who so doth loue, vnto his Lasse  
must many presents sende:  
But thou whom scarce a house to dwel  
would cruell Fortune lende:  
Where day & night is want of wealth  
and lacke of golden fee:  
How canst thou shifte to send thy Trull  
ought that may graciefull bee?  
Care this suffisoe vnto a Mayde  
ten appels gay to bring,  
A Garland freshe of fragrant floures,  
a Peast of byrdes to syng.  
I knew when in as great a price  
the countrie niardes did holde  
A Garland as a better gyfte:  
but now from grasse to golde  
They are ascended, Loue is now  
become a stately thing:  
The auncient custome is decayde  
new lalves do dayly sp;ing  
As touching trade of greedy Loue,  
they gape for greater gayne.  
With angry brow and low;ing looke  
replete with soule disdayne  
To me persuading thus bespake  
Amyntas. Friend (quod haec)

friend

The third Eglogue.

Friend Fortunatus, if thou long  
to purchase ease to mee  
And wylled comfort to reduce,  
allow me that I loue :  
That onely thing my crankred griefe  
and griuings may remoue.  
The rest thou babblest tormentz are,  
this furie wil not stinte  
Nor rooted be from out my heart.  
Within my breast the printe  
And Image of the Virgin sits.  
With me shē soiournes aye :  
With me shē goes & makes retourne,  
when I retourne by daye.  
At night with me shē lodgeth eke  
and sleepes in self same bed.  
She hath so seide vpon my bones,  
my marrow, heart, and hed, }  
As never may she well departe  
till lyfe these lymmes hath fled.  
And as what tyme a tender slippe  
cutte from a foraine trē  
Is grafte into another stocke  
their natures ioyned bee,  
And so by growth become as one :  
even so the Virginis grace

And

And Image of hir comely looke  
and Idol of hir face  
Was planted deepe within my brest,  
our harts became as one,  
Both one our myndes, the difference  
twixt hir and me was none.  
One sense, one soule did serue vs both  
our lyntnes so lincked were.  
Oh happy I, if when my corse  
shall deade be plac'd on Were,  
And fatall Sisters shrid my twixt  
and finger close myne eye,  
I might twixt those hir iilly armes  
and pappes in bosome lye :  
With heauy hed when soule were past  
and lively line ycutte,  
That she these dying eyes of mine  
moughth with hir finger shutte.  
And might with shrill and doleful boyce  
bewaphe my heauy fate :  
And poure hir chistall teares adowne  
for losse of louing mate.  
Wher to the blessed fields that are  
alloted to the good  
I after life do passe : or forde  
downde to the Stygian flood

And

The third Eglogue.

And fiery streme of Phlegeton  
those streatting fits abyde :  
Mye neyther Payne withouten that  
noȝ pleasure shall betyde.  
O Dryads, and yea sacred Nymphs  
of floures that haue the care,  
O Sire *Sylvanus* that doest rule  
where pleasant arbours are :  
I pray you gards amyd your mounts  
and shadȝ bales belowe  
The sweete and smellyng floures that  
within your circuits grove,  
(The beautie of the Country fields  
and queachy Groves we haue)  
Do hedge your boundis frō feeding flockes  
the floury soyle to saue.  
Reserue (I pray you) them tyll neede  
to decke the Verse withall  
Of my sweete wench whē she by stroke  
of dreadfull death shall fall.  
Then, then let all y ground be stroode,  
let garlands then be plide :  
At tyme of death and buriall of  
my Loue hir Verse to hide.  
Pierides the pensiue Nymphes  
at hand shall then be prest,

With

The third Eglogue. 24

With weeping eyes lamenting of  
the Graue so gayly dress'd.

And shall insculpe these wofull words  
upon the Marble stome,  
Of after comers to be read  
when we are past and gone.

Here buryed lyes a Lassie  
that wanted nought at all  
Save that she cruell was,  
a sacred Saynt to call.

Oh Virgin if so great a fire  
did burn within thy bones  
By thousand Scyllas and as ma-  
ny Charybds I at ones  
Would swyng to thee to brede thy ease:

thou feller than a snake  
Dost flee thy friend. But what neede I  
so much adoe to make?

And blame y wight: she knowes me not.

No doubt if so the mayde  
Had vnderstanding inhat I were,  
she would procure myne ayde.

There can not be a brasen breast  
inhere doth such feature flow:  
But yet we muste not ouermuch  
beloue the flattering brow.

}

For

The third Eglogue.

*Faustus*

For often vnder smothest skin  
doth lurke a cankred minde :  
And vnder friendly forhead is  
a hatefull heart to finde.  
I will goe talke and let hir witte  
of this my hidden fire.  
But oh, if she should wrie hir looks,  
and barre me my desire :  
To tears my Christal eyes would soon  
conuert as you should see,  
My wofull b:cast to sobbyng sighes  
transformed straight wou'd bee.  
And though she hate me (cruell) aye  
and sicke hir friend apace :  
Yet me this wasting care will still  
pursue in cuery place.  
Fare well ye Phisicke artes, for I  
am not to be recurde :  
Adiew ye cke to fetche from Hell  
the soules that are in b:de  
With Magicke verse & Witches call,  
(ungodly thing to leue)  
Farewell ye all that vainly hope  
with bootelesse wordye geue,  
The staelie mindes of Gods to w:st :  
for now I see the Skyes

Are

The thirde Eglogue. 25

Are cruell foes of mine and will  
not bende for all my cries.  
Impatient furie drawes me on,  
it doth me good alone  
To range the hills, and wader through  
the woods and caues unknowne  
The doutful dens of dreadfull Beastes.  
Him speaking thus I thought  
And went about with friendly words  
to wress, but all for nought.  
The curclesse woud by no means  
to perfect state be brought (ca)  
He myd the silent night amids  
the fields would rangle aye :  
In bushy Launds with wakynge eyes  
he walkt at creece of day.  
The Wilding was his onely foode,  
the Crab he vsde to crash :  
And with a draught of water he  
his thirstie iawes did wash  
And was therwith right well content.  
At length unhappy Lad  
When he his many wofull cryes  
and schratches yelld had,  
When tearelesse wore his wasted eyes  
and dyie so: want of wette,

C.j. Elshew

The thirde Eglogue.

When he with oft reboundyng sobbes  
his bulke had all to bette :  
Came gentle Death, and quiet brought  
to his vnquiet stay.

The Carcas dead and brestlesse Corps  
that there bnterred lay  
Withouten hono; of the graue  
the Sauage beasts by night,  
And greedy tyring filthy Foules  
by day devoured quight. \*

Oh murreyn bile and fatall ginne,  
that with thy venomde darts  
The bulks of men doest pierce, & poure  
sned shafts our mortall harts,  
And makst vs brutish seeme to sight,  
no bet than sauage are.

What cuppe of Circes, or Calips  
so might with this compare ?

What drench might Stix, or Phlegeton,  
or Furies worlde deuise ?

Odoltes that Loue accompt a God,  
O blynde and bleared eyes.

Is God a Nature hurtfull ? No.

Wher euer he doth wonne,  
He ruthfull is to man, and doth  
no yll, of dexter doome. \*\*\*

Faustus

Oh

Oh woefull wretched boy that in  
 thy tender yeares didst die:  
 What time y thou wert bo[n] what star  
 bare stay in swinging skie? (res  
 What part of welkin wrought thy wo?  
 that didst deserue no yll?  
 What cursed corner of the Heauens  
 did thee untimely kill?  
 Yet was not all the Heauen thy foe,  
 thou couldst as well as wee  
 With Daten quill and pleasant pipe  
 make iolly game and glee.  
 Had not this ouer hasty death  
 thy life so sone opprest,  
 Thou hadst deseru'de *Pernassus* crowne  
 and Laurell with the best.  
 No better *Tyturus* (belou'de  
 of his *Alexis*) song  
 Of cruell fight, of dreadfull warre,  
 and of his tillage song  
 Than thou: for why thy timely ripe  
 capacitie was knowne  
 To vs, it did presage what fruite  
 in time thou wouldest haue sowne.  
 No bulgar triall of thy skill,  
 and towarde witte was seene:

Fortunat<sup>2</sup>

E.y.

It

The thirde Eglogue.

It well declarde if thou hadst liude  
what thou wouldest after bene.  
Now mought thou ben accōpted thou  
the glory and the praise  
Of all our soyle, not such a one  
did liue in these our dayes.  
Thē *Padus*, and with weeping browes  
our *Myncius* did lament,  
Pea Nymphs theselues: as *Hebrus* earst  
for *Orpheus* was bedrent  
With trickling shōws of falling tears.  
The maister shepheards all  
Did rue thy death as *Daphnis* earst  
was pitied for his fall.  
Thē all the Champion fields aboute,  
both hill and vale doe crie:  
And all the pasture grounds did lift  
their clamours to the skie.  
O Shephearde with swēte smellyng  
bestrōw his bitter graue: (floures  
The song of Priest and suming Cense,  
(Oh, yearely) let him haue.  
Pe Poets eke eternall rest  
wish to his graued Ghost. \*

But what: (Amyntas) thou doest lodge  
in farre a better coast

Than

*Faustus*

The thirde Eglogue. 27

Than we, in fields for happy soules  
allotted thou doest wonne :  
And we below in Earth bewaile  
thy Clipse of life begonne. \* \*

I knew we should lament to day,  
for yesternight I sawe  
Such cruell sights amid my sleepe,  
as bred my present awe.  
But now you see the night is come,  
descending of the Sunne  
In Cloude declares y shoures at had,  
wherfore tis time to runne  
To fold our flock. And Faustus thus  
my wofull Tale is done.

Fortunat<sup>9</sup>

¶ The. iiiij. Eglogue en-  
tituled A L P H V S.

The Argument.

Her Janus shewes the Goate was lost,  
he telles the cursed Fate  
And doth bewray the Bedlam Boyes  
unhappy frantike state.

E. iij. And

### The fourth Eglogue.

And by the way good Alphus he  
to quite his fellowes payne :  
The kinde of woman doth depaint  
and makes their maners playne.  
Let never honest Lucrece lowre,  
let no good Grisell grutch :  
For neither Alphus here, nor I  
the modest matrone touth.  
We nippe the cruell cankred crue  
With beautie that allure,  
And hauing thralde the miser, seeke  
no salue his sore to cure :  
But take delight with scornefull chere  
and face of foule disdaine  
Like Vipers vile to sowe the seedes  
of our fast springing payne.  
Those, those ar thei that Matuā means  
those Alphus doth declare :  
And I (the Poet to explane)  
those Dames no whit will spare.

### The speakers names.

Alphus. Ianus.

Alphus. M<sup>Y</sup>re leane (O<sup>b</sup> Ianus) s̄ames thy  
than ere he was of yore : (Goate  
F<sup>o</sup>;

The fourth Eglogue. 28

For lusty he his hornes ere this  
into the Welkin boxe.

But grouelyng now on ground he lies  
With lyther lolling eares,  
He smelles to grasse, to touch the herbs  
At length of lips he feares. \*

He droupes, and of his drouping doth *Ianus.*  
A pleasant iest arise:

Which like how ofe I mind, doth make  
Me laugh with smyling eyes.

As yet it is not spread abroade,  
But when the brute is blowne,  
And that through euery countrey is  
This pleasant stoy knowne:

Then all y wold wil laugh therat \*\*  
(*O Janus*) thou ere this

Welte wont to tell a mery iest  
In merriest wise ywis,

And with a swete delighting voyce:

Wherfore I pray thee now  
Declare me why the Goat doth droupe,  
And tell how fell it how? \*

God is my iudge twas neuer faynde *Ianus.*  
Of me, but done in dede,

And lately too: But shall I tell  
The tale withoutermeede?

*C.iiiij.* And

The fourth Eglogue.

And chatte so; nought & wast my wind,  
Say, what wilt give to mee?  
What shall I haue so telling of  
this iest beglarde with glē? \*

Alphus. O friende, when so the Pightingale  
(that Philomela hight)

Hath built hit nest, and sits a bōde  
I will thy trauaile quight. \*

Janus. Who so doth make such rash behests  
by dayly prouise we see

Performes not paied promise, but  
his touch is wont to flee. \*

Alphus. Nay, who so lends such light beliefe  
distrust doth beare in b̄east.

But so you shall be sure that I  
will play the guilefull guest,  
Take here a pledge of promise made  
and bargaine carst by mee:

Take here (I say) from out my case  
two flights that farre will flee. \*

Janus. I will begin: O sacred Nymphs  
Parnasides I pray  
Do moue your iawes, & guide my tong  
that I may well display  
My welbeloued Goates mishap  
and misaduventure sell:

And

The fourth Eglogue.

29

And graut that *Alphus* Rightingale  
may batche hir yonglings well  
That I may haue that he bebright  
for this good tale I tell.

With pennie I a Lad did hire  
my little flocke to keepe :

I gane him charge and oversight  
of all my flocke shirpe.

He kepte both kids and females eke,  
and Ramme goates too with care :

And overlook d my flocke that I  
the Stripling could not spare.

Till tyme at last by fortune he  
a pretty Mayden sawe,  
(That hither came of purpose bent  
at water place to drawe  
Such water as suffisde hir tourne)  
and liked hir so well  
As he (good Boy) by feature of  
hir face to fassie fell.

And from that tyme and dolefull day  
so dumpish he became,  
As lesse regarde he had of shirpe,  
(the greater was his shame)  
Lesse forced he since that the foldes  
and quight bereft of witte

C. v.

Ye

Narratio

The fourth Eglogue.

He sarmde: So deepe within his b<sup>e</sup>ll  
the Virgins shape did sitt.  
Whan he on bed to quiet nap  
his weary limmes did lay:  
Wher sleeping he or wakynge were  
twas very harde to say.  
For whan he was wide wakynge he  
such frantike eoyle would kepe,  
As though (his reason quite bereft)  
his wittes were gone to sleepe.  
So d<sup>e</sup>amynge was this Boy to sight,  
so lampisbe wore the Lad:  
In sort, that gazer<sup>s</sup> on surmisde  
that he no senses had.  
This Boy bent to refresh (I say)  
his ouertyred mynde  
With spostyng play, about the hornes  
With swig this Goate did bynde  
Among the thickest of the briers  
and bushy Laundes belowe:  
And so to passe away the tyme  
away the Boy dyd goe.  
(And now .iij. days are past and gone  
thus hee the Goate did tie:  
The strongnesse of the Wylth & hard-  
nesse of the Hornes to trie.

Beane

The fourth Eglogue. 30

Meanewhile the Woods he went about  
and raungde the bushes rounde,  
To see wher that within the place  
mought any birds be founde.

The Mayde reserched to his thought  
and vndercrept his heart :

The comely countnance of the Trull  
coulde never thence depart,  
Nor beautie of hir bouri b'reast  
his musyng mynde for goe,  
The parts not to be namede he rollde  
within his bulke belowe.

Meanewhile the Sunne had lodgde his  
that scelly sottedome (light,  
Unkyndfull of his hamperde beast  
afelde, came late to home.

Amid the night he callide to minde  
that foolishe fact of his :

And thinking to go loose the Goate  
in all the hast he rise.

And whilist with scaredfull scote he pac'de  
through Dampes as darke as Hell,  
Wheray lay much chaffe & rotten straw,  
into a Dyke he fell :

A place of purpose made to take  
the sauage Beasts by night,

A hol

The fourth Eglogue.

A hollow vault and dungeon deepe  
to steepe for any wight  
Once beyng in to clamber vp.  
Thus was the Goate by him  
Fast bound with twigs, the Page in pit  
ycaught and dungeon dum.  
No Shepheard kept the beasts as then,  
twas well neere thre a clocke ;  
I misde, and went my selfe about  
and mimbred all the flocke.  
I misd the Goate, and maruelde much  
what of the beast became,  
I sought about the fields : at last  
I calde the Boy by name.  
(I tell but truth) I thode in feare  
least he by Magike meane  
And Sorcerie had ben raisde to Skies,  
and Goate dispatched cleane.  
For Wags and Witches by report  
are caught amids the night  
Much like, and far to Banquets borne  
quite out of cry and sight.  
This dreading, I to pasture grounde  
did bring my sheepe at last  
To feede their fills, and whilst that I  
did wander all agast

In irkesome shades and vgglie nookes,  
and entred in the Groue:  
I hearde a farre the braying of  
my Goate, and how he stroue  
With punching hornes & pushyng pate  
against the Wyth a god  
I plainly sawe, and how he bette  
the Bushe gainst which he stode.  
This gastfull thing affrighted me,  
and monstrous sight to viewe  
Unlooked for. But when at length  
my siell y Beast I knew  
And bolder wore, I went me in  
among the brakes in hast:  
With hooke I hevde the brebles downe  
and bushy briers at last.  
As late in euening home I hide,  
all rounde about the fielde  
A girnyng route of grinning folkes  
by fortune I behelde.  
Approching nerer to the preasse  
mee eche began to greeete  
As soone's they knew what man I was,  
and friendly did entreat.  
Lo here (quod they) D Janus is  
a little Lad of thine

Tame

The fourth Eglogue.

Tane vp a woulfe his denne of late  
a deepe and daungerous myne.

He wandring late about the Dounes  
did happen (to his payne)

Apon this caue, but nolw both Coate  
and he be founde agayne.

The Coate that had this cruell hap  
as yet vnlysty is :

But yet the foolish Boy of both  
most franticke is ywis.

The Virgin hearyng that the Lad  
did loue hir passyng well :

Eftsones as proude as Peacocke wore  
and with disdayne did swell.

And makynge wise she had not wiste  
the cares he did indure,

Pretended honest lyfe the more  
the strypling to allure.

And to increase hir beautie more  
she deckes both face and breast

In finest wise, and in hir gate  
hir lookes to ground she keast.

Thus forelike she with simple shewe  
and seemyng to the eyes,

In double breast and subtil heart  
hir craftie meaning phyes.

These

The fourth Eglogue. 32

These are the tricks that women vse,  
this is the sleightfull girne :  
These are the cruell weapons that  
the myndes of men do winne.  
Thus hoping he his Gallant girle  
to conquere at the last,  
His wages scornde, and plide his loue,  
and follows hir in hast.  
Wherfore now leauing Cart & plough  
and Oren all alone,  
To Shepheards toyle I will retourne.  
Fayle youth (the more the mone)  
Is bassall to this furie fell  
and to this folly thall :  
It wanders rounde about this coast,  
and overturneth all. \* \* \*

Lo, see what Witte can not devise

Alphus.

by Fortune comes to thought :  
O wondrous chaunce, O happy happe  
that this to mynde hath brought.  
O famous iest for two months space  
well able glée to make :  
God faith for thee the Nightingale  
now sits a brode in brake.  
But that which thou of subtil sleight  
of crafty Lasse did syng,

What

The fourth Eglogue.

What Vmber earst of womans guile  
hath wrote, to mynde doth bring.

Ianus. O tell vs Vmbers merry Verses, \*

if thou hast ought in store

Rowe out withall: they say he wrote  
a stately style of yore. \*\*

Alphus. Tis as thou tellst, but so; my tale  
what recompence remaines?

What thaks shal I: what guerdon haue,  
so; vndertaken paines? \*

Ianus. Go to, I'll stande to bargayne made  
kepe thou those darteres of myne. \*\*\*

Alphus. O Janus, whilst I goe behynde  
that vnder sedge, repine  
Not thou to drive along my flocke  
but force them onwarde still,  
For feare least in my absence they  
the neighbour Vnne do spill. \*

Ianus. O Ramme I say, that so; thy hornes  
the Diuell doest represent,  
To enter in the Vnne thou ape  
with cankred mynde arte bent.  
Thou never wilst be ware and wise,  
tyll from thy forhead I  
With cruell yron so; the nones  
doe reaue the eyther eye:

Ald

The fourth Eglogue.

33

And make shē leane that pienish pate  
and horned head of thine :  
W<sup>t</sup>ill not a hundred Acres serue  
but thou must to the vine? \*

Oh, now at my retourne I haue  
reuokte to minde somewhat  
Of those self things we mentiond earlie,  
of all I can not chat.

But Vnber wylt of erie thing,  
that man by wysdome knowes :  
The Skie, þ stars, þ ground, þ winds,  
the Sea, the clouds that flowes.

The Fountayns eke & spouting springs,  
at Rhodop he hath belie :

Epyr, & fiery mountaynes he  
and Ossa earth hath sente.

The soyle of Fraunce, and Araris,  
both Rhodan, Tyber, Pade :

And out of curious Græke he hath  
his Latin myter made.

A worthy wight for eyther speach,  
and skilde in eyther tong,  
As wel's the best that ever yet  
hath Latin verses song.

Him specially the lerned Grækes  
repined soze to see.

Alphus.

F. i.

Arcæ-

The fourth Eglogue.

Arcadians, Thrace and Thessalie  
our Countryman to bee.  
His doctrine and his trade of life  
good Andis followed aye  
That dwells hereby, he skilfull is  
he shall declare the waye  
And ready pathis vs : meane while  
let Shephierdes vs assay  
With ioytie blast of puffing breath  
an Dten pipe to play.  
But first of all gi þer the Nymph  
here prest to be in place :  
But chiese Polyhyma, for they say  
she hath the godliest grace.

Narratio These Womon are a seruile sorte,  
curst, cruyll, pust with pride :  
Rejecting lawnes, refusling meane,  
from reason wandring wide.  
They storne the boundes of better life,  
extremes are best in price :  
Wher they attempt is rashly done  
and quite without aduise.  
A Womane eyther not prouesse  
like Leade full iumpis hies :  
Or being once stiride up, to fall  
about hir things the hies.

Aye

Aye Winterlike, a frowning cheare  
and frostie face she beares :

Even as the Dogge with cruel starrs  
the singed soile that seares.

She never kepes the golden meane :  
for eyther passing well

She loues the, or with mortall hate  
pursues thy ghost to Hell.

If graue she couet for to seeme,  
too grimme becoms hir grace :

She powreteth then and fiercely frownes.  
But if with friendly face

She long to looke, hir grauitie  
is banisht out of place.

Those looks demure and Matrone like  
leude laughter hath in chace.

Straight Biglot like she wareth light,  
she grins with childish cheare :

In smyling brows a Wilhorish mirth  
doth shiningly appeare.

She sobs, she laughs, right wise she is  
as frantucke as a Hare :

Opprest w trebling feare she quakes  
and yet too much doth dare.

She will, she will not, euer so  
hir thoughtes contrary are.

F. y.      Uncon-

The fourth Eglogue.

Unconstant, light, bayne, chattering, and  
a double tong doth beare,  
Presumptuous, threatfull, thirsting bloud,  
disdaynfull erye wheare.  
Vile, grēdy, catching, quareling ays  
and strouting full of hate :  
Of light beliefe, and bent to lies,  
impatient of hir state.  
A cosetly charge, to quaffing gyuen,  
rashe, bitter, iesting, lighte,  
Ambitious, hoceresse, brothell baude,  
with supersticion fright,  
Too laasie, grēdy gutted, and  
to Lechers lust inclynde :  
Swēt mowthde, venerious, wanton, of  
too nice and dayntie kynde.  
To flattery bente and paynting of  
hir face with forrayne freake :  
She keēpes in cankred hart hir hate  
till tyme she may awoake  
And be auenged of hir foe,  
vnfaþthfull thanklesse eake.  
She takes a greate delight }  
Malicious, hastie in reuenge,  
bolde, bedlam, wrangling wight,  
A rebell, stubborne, stiffe as stake.  
She takes a greate delight }

To

The fourth Eglogue. 35

To cast in teeth hir olde god founnes :  
if any hir accuse  
Of guyltie crime, with Tragike boyce  
hir selfe she will excuse.  
She mumbles to hir selfe, she stirres  
debate, she forceth nought  
Of promise made, she friendship scorns,  
and euer hath in thought  
Hir priuate gayne and no mans else :  
she iesses, she flatters aye  
She tels thy counsell, and as she  
thy secretes doth bewray  
With bitter scoffe she payes thee home,  
she triflyng newes doth spredde  
Among the people, and doth adde  
to every tale a shredde,  
And of a hillocke makes a mount.  
She doth dissemble sore,  
She makes in wise, and beares in hand  
and learned hath of yore  
Untrutches and leasings to devise,  
to craft she wants no art :  
She wots well how to every chaunce  
hir countnance to conuert.  
Man can not well auoyde hir guile,  
no; shunne hir sorely drifcs :

The fourth Eglogue.

So many are hir mischeuous crafts,  
so sundry are hir shiffts,  
And subtile sleights hir craft to cloake.  
Yea and put case that thou  
With present eye beholde hir seates,  
yet she with shamelesse brow  
Will dare excuse committed crimes :  
by cloaking craft she can  
And double dealing of the minde  
delude the Sence of Man.  
We wotte not how to credit aught  
that hir reporte doth blow :  
And yet if she would haue vs thinke  
that all she sayes is so,  
We can not but beleue the same,  
she drives vs to affie :  
Hereto examples may persuade.  
What cursed crime to trie  
Hath not a woman had the heart  
and ventrous hand of boze ?  
Tarpeia to hir countrey foes,  
(that mortall hatred boze  
To Romaine state) the Capitoll  
did yelde, in hope to haue  
The Jewels that about the wretts  
of Souldiers glistred brane.

Medea

Medea with hir babes bloud  
imbred hir beastly hannes,  
Faire Helen thousand Barges brought  
vnto Egean sandes.  
For Minos loue (hir fathers soe)  
whome Scylla did pursue,  
She ref the Princes purples locke,  
and from hir countrey stewe.  
Hir Brother beastly Byblos lou'd,  
with Father Myrrha lay:  
Semiramis that aged Queen  
of Babylon (they say)  
Hir sonne King Ninus out of kinde  
did slan (fleshly Dame: )  
Eriphile at siege of Thebes  
(to hir eternall shame)  
For golden Dinch betrapde hir Spouse  
Amphiaraus bight:  
King Danaus daughters did to death  
their husbands in a night.  
The Thracian Wives wth cruell clubs  
the Poet Orpheus rent:  
Pasiphae that wanton Welsh  
(to wroke hir fowle intent)  
In Mynos absence closde in Cowe,  
was concerde of a Bull:

E.iiij. Hippo-

The fourth Eglogue.

*Hippolit Pheadra* went about  
from honest life to pull.  
*Rebecca Isaac* did deceiue,  
and blearde his aged eyes :  
And hid the sonne that Iacob hight  
in Goates long hatry syse.  
*The cursed Deianira* gaue  
vnto hir manly feere  
*The fatall venome, he (good man)*  
did by the shirt to daere.  
*Hippodame* beguylded hir fire,  
and stopt his vitall breath  
By matche with *Pelops*, and procurde  
therby his hasty death.  
*Lauynia* wrought the Troians woe,  
and bredde a broyle in fielde :  
*Hir Turnus* would hane had to wife,  
*Aeneas* would not yelde.  
*Achilles* chiestaine of the Greces  
from battaile *Brysis* draue :  
*Duke Agamemnon* all inragde  
with *Chrysis* beautie braue  
Did freate and fume in furious wise  
and felt *Apollos* wrath :  
And cursed Eue from blessed fieldes  
mankinde expelled hath.

*Welæue*

The fourth Eglogue: 39

Belene me (Shephierdes) for I sweare  
by Gods that haue the care  
Of Countrey soyle: If you wil haue  
your Cattle well to fare,  
Your Pastures fitte for feeding flocks  
and wanting all dysease,  
If haue you haue of shære, of peace,  
of life and quiet ease:  
Abandon all these foolish Girles,  
let wanton Wenchess goe,  
Do from your sherpots shif away  
all Wommen lesse and moe.  
Let Thesilis and Phillis walke,  
beare Galathea grudge:  
Forc you Neera nought at all,  
let fine Lycoris trudge.  
Oh, make me shewe what woman ere  
went downe to darksome Hell,  
And came fro thence, or tidings brought  
from such as there do dwelle?  
Eurydice might haue returnide  
if she had had the wit,  
And come from shade to sunne againe,  
to light from lothsome Pit.  
Proserpine eke whome Pluto stole  
and had conuayde away,

f.v.

hir

The fourth Eglogue.

¶ir mearie mother *Cres* shunnde  
with griesly King to stay.  
But god *Aeneas* shapt retowre,  
and *Orpheus* did the leke :  
¶lcydes eke that Champion stout  
and thicke renowned Grecke.  
Duke *Thesens* and the brothers both,  
of whome one quales his foes  
With fight on horsebacke, other aye  
on foote to wrestling goes.  
And our Redemer, highest G O D,  
Whence life and conforte flowes,  
Went downe to Hell, and rose againe  
as all the worldle knowes.  
These (Shephierds) these are mysteries  
to be obseru'd of you :  
By nature man and kinde is bent  
all filthie things t'eschue.  
Infamous places most delight  
and farrle womans minde.  
Euen as the Seaman driven on  
the Rockes with waue and winde,  
Knowes how the daungers to declare  
vnto his other Mates :  
So he falle well of former happes  
and fature chauice debates,

¶nd

And tells what Fortune will beset  
by likelyhode at the least:  
Whose wasted yeaſe haue planted wit  
within his aged breaſt.

If ſtelliſſe Ponles the Eagle ſlie,  
if Buckes the net do ſhunne,  
If bleaing Lambs avoide the Woulfe,  
if Diere from Dogge do runne:

Then (Shepherd) oh why doſt thou  
from Womans flattrie ſlie:

And trudge from hir with ſpedie flight  
that ſo anoyeth thee:

As ruthfull they as Crocodile,  
or beaſt Hyena hight.

The viler muſchiefe they preſtende  
When to the outward ſight

They deawe their cheekeſe w trickling  
and uſe their ſweeteſt call: (teares,  
Then they conſpire thy cruell death  
(fell Monſters) moſt of all.

O Shepherd ſhun the Womans looks  
and ſlie hir ſleering face:

For harling nets and hurtfull gunnes  
are pight in beauties place.

Repose no truſt in manly force,  
in proweſſe or in might,

Trust

The fourth Eglogue.

Trust not Duke Perseus glittering  
that made þ sturdy Knight (shield  
Of fell Medusas crawling Snakes  
to byde the vgly sight.)

Carst many Monsters haue subdude  
and gastly Giants quelde :  
Huge Cities sackt, and in their handes  
whole Deas and Hauens helde.  
With flowing fieldes and haughty hils  
that seemde to touch the Skie :  
And other some haue wonne þ spurres  
for noble Chiualrie.  
Yet those that valiantly atchieude  
and did these feates of fame  
And conquerde all, a Woman hath  
(the more these Princes shame)  
As Captives caught, & brought to yoke.  
That Shephierd that was King,  
And wore the Lions hairy spoile  
and warde with weakefull sling :  
And eke his sonne that worthy Prince  
King Salomon by name  
The sacred Temple (Syon clept)  
who first of all did frame :  
And Sampson he whome nener man  
could deale withall in fielde,

All these (I say) for all their force  
to Womans yoake did yelde.  
Lesse hurtes the fiery flasing stake,  
lesse raggic Rockes annoy,  
And lesse the Gleue that Adam did  
expell from heauenly ioy :  
Lesse spoiles the spitefull steely Spear  
and dreadfull darte of Death,  
That quite cuts off the line of life  
and reaues the vitall breath,  
Than woman doth our daylie foe :  
who never well content  
With beauties beames þ Nature gaue,  
doth aby with care inuent  
A thousand meanes to make it more  
and fairer to the eyes.  
A golden glistring Fillet to  
hir forehead she applies,  
With Purple hue hir paalie chackes  
she paintes and daylie dies.  
By Arte hir lockes she settes in place  
and deckes and dils hir pate :  
By Arte she tempers all hir looks,  
by Arte she guides hir gate.  
She runs before with scudding skips  
the louing man to lure

And

The fourth Eglogue.

And bring to place for follie fitte :  
although she looke demure  
And giveth the ray, with all hir heart  
she woulde on him bestow  
His suite, she striues, but gladly would  
be conquerde of the foe.  
A wwoman to the Northeast winde  
may well compared bee,  
That gathers vp the cloud and straight  
doth force the same to flee  
Abrode by guilefull pusse againe  
and bitter windie blast :  
So she allures, and then she lowres  
vpon hit Loue at last.  
By tryall I that finde it true  
do will thee to beware  
(Whilst yet thou mayst) the lothsome  
that in these Womēn are. (tricks  
But homely they by nature are,  
by Arte they waren braue :  
By day tis all the worke they doe,  
their dreamies there of they haue.  
They pluck off haires wher naide requi-  
they wash, they paint & sleeke : (res,  
They chamber, purle, anoint and smooth  
and practise other lecke.

Deccyte

Deceypte they are from toppe to toe,  
all craft and trifling toyes :  
All stufft with venome rancke and vile,  
that gazers on anoyes.  
Of Glasse she takes hir counsell aye  
for ought she puts in vse :  
By biewe thereof she learnes to moue  
hir lippes and looks demure.  
She learnes to craft by gaze of Glasse,  
to smyle with flattning glōse :  
She wags hir hench that hangs behind  
and shoulđers as she goes.  
What meanes that bare & naked breast  
and open clyft a hie.  
That makes the double path betwirt  
the dangling Dugs to lie :  
Nought else (good fayth) but for þ force  
of povson should oppresse.  
The Sence the more, & Stygian flame  
within the heart increase.  
These are the Rocks of retchlesse Age,  
and Syrts that threaten wracke :  
These Scyllas and Charybdes are  
the cordes of YOUTH to cracke.  
These are þ Foules that Harpeis hight  
that with their sylth desile.

The

The fourth Eglogue.

The chamber, parlor, boud and streas,  
and makes the temple vile,  
pollute the path, the Champion fields,  
the sea, the cloud, the hill,  
These gasty Gorgons are that earst  
in Lybie land did kill,  
And that with monstrous glowing looks  
to stones did men conuarte,  
And wretched Nature from her kynge  
by cruel curst Arte.  
Thus by the way (as you have heard)  
the learned Umbers verse  
Recyted is, and we are they  
that did the Ryme reherse.  
Whiche if you daeme excessive long,  
remember that the blame  
Is in the thing it selfe, the verse  
doth not deserue the same.  
The verse is not so long, as is  
these Womens frantick fitte.  
O noble aged famous wight  
(of whiche for worthy witte  
The boasting Umbria brags & vauntes,  
and Tyber neighbour place  
Thereto) t'was not without desert  
that Partiall Romaine race

The fourth Eglogue. 41

Of thée accompted earst so well :  
The noble Citie knewe  
Thy passing wit and pleasaunt vaine.  
The learned Muses rue  
Both Greekes and Latines thy decease.  
I wish thy corps in graue  
With ease to lie, and golden soule  
in Skies his seate to haue.

¶ The. v. Eglogue en-  
tituled C A N D I D V S.

The Argument.

Siluanus seemes to muse  
at Poets ydle life :  
Himselfe not ouer hasty yet  
by gift to ease their griefe.  
But Candid (Poet poore)  
bewailes the present time :  
Wherin the Learned loathed are,  
and such as maken Rime.  
Siluanus wealthie was  
well storde of stuffe at home :  
But carefull Candid want of goodes  
enforde abrode to rome.

G.i. But

### The fist Eglogue.

But yet for all his toyle  
and trauayle long sustaynde :  
For all his learned vaine in Verse  
no whit this Poet gaynde.  
Which makes the man the more  
gainst wealthie wights to warre :  
For somewhat he deserude to finde  
that trauaylde had so farre.

### The speakers names.

*Siluanus. Candidus.*

*Siluanus.* **O** Candid, thou ere this  
didst vsse a common trade,  
With vs to feede thy flocke a fielde  
and Pipe in pleasaunt shade.  
To chat in merry wise,  
and wrestle now and than :  
But now me thinkes thou art become  
another kinde of man.  
As though thou didst both loath  
the Shephierdes and their soyle :  
Thou fleest the fieldes, & scornest to sing,  
a sleepy dumpish droile. \* \* \*

*Candidus.* You that at home haue store  
of goodly housholde stufse,

Whose

Whose Kie haue dangling Tidders do,  
and morning Milke ymouffe : (wne  
Whose stockes do fill the paile  
euен to the upper brimme,  
Whose Hierds do make y croked Cans  
with whashing whay to swimme :  
Whose bordes with Bankets braue  
and fattie Feastes do reake,  
In commendation of a Uerse  
and praise of Poets speake,  
If ought be well deuisde  
you giue a chearefull crie :  
And to the hearing of the same  
a pleasaunt ears applie.

Claine praise and painted wordes  
in recompence you giue :  
Meanewhile y shepherd hunger sterude ;  
in thirst and colde doth lime. \*

Can he not both attend  
his flocke, and otherwhile  
At vacant tyme make Uerses, and  
all cankred cares erile ?  
And wast his daves in sport,  
and leade his life at lust

As best contents his liking minde : \* \* \*

No(friend)a Shepheard must

G.y.

Silvanus.

Candidus.

All

The fist Eglogue.

All lasure time vnto  
his Cattle well implie,  
Trot out in hast, retourne in poale,  
and bout his matters hie :  
keepe off the barking Woulfe,  
close vp his flocke in folde,  
Buie strawe and fodder to sustaine  
his Beasts from Winter colde :  
For meate and drinke purvey,  
no leasure time remaines. }  
A Werte it is a stately thing  
and craues a cruell paines,  
And all the braine ( *Siluanus* ) beates,  
and stirring Senses straines. }  
Both these are weighty workes  
and ouermuch for me :  
When I haue song I am full drie,  
my lippes ypartched be,  
And no man givis me drinke :  
some other scoffe a god,  
And say, me thinks your cloake is thin,  
your haire grows through your hood :  
Your hose are crackt at knoe,  
your bearde is bristled sore.  
Holo naked Trees vnuested are,  
the frostie hils are hore.

I chause,

I chause, I sorrow eke,  
and daylie do disdaine:  
The cost of needefull cates consumes  
and weares away my gaine,  
Both Woll and Cattle male.  
We kepe the females aye,  
But for they fostred are with milke  
we make nor cheeze nor whaye,  
They drie the strouting Tets.  
It yrks me of my witte  
(If any lodge within my Skull)  
and skill a Clerce to writte.  
It loathes me of my life  
this cruell chaunce to see,  
That none of all the shining Starres  
is friendly light to me.  
Thou wottst full well that I  
for nought these many dayes  
Haue song, I wanted fewe good things  
as then: now YOUTH decayes,  
And limping Age is at  
another kinde of stay  
Which now encrocheth on apace,  
it reaves our wealth awav.  
Then strength begins to faile,  
no lucres hope remaines.

C.iiij.

Then

The fist Eglogue.

Then must we vse our gotten goodes,  
and wast our coffred gaynes.  
Wherfore now time requires  
and bids vs loke about :  
See how the Ant a little beast  
(I put thee out of doubt)  
But circumspect and wise,  
in Sommer drags to Cauue  
And hides the Graine in hole, his life  
in Winter time to saue.  
And, least the Corne should sproute  
and so escape his might,  
The buried graine with grædy mouth  
this siellie Beast doth bite. \*

*Siluanus.* They say there are that knowe  
what Fortune shall betide  
By Starres that rule at time of birth,  
and they do thus decide.  
The Poets they were wont  
to Mercurie to assigne,  
And noble Pæres are vnder Ioue  
whose soueraigne Scepters shine.  
Them myghtie Ioue allowes  
the Golde and Kingly seate :  
Mercurius giues those other wit,  
tong, harpe and Verses seate.

That

That is thy lotted hap,  
 why doest thou gape for pelfe?  
 God doth dystrIBUTE needfull things  
 as he doth see himselfe  
 What is for our auaile:  
 wherefore accept thy share  
 And liue content, resigne the rest  
 to vs that wealthie are. \* \* \*

Thou riches hast at will,  
 I Clerse and Poets trade:  
 Why crau'st thou then my Clerse, & doest  
 another's bolwdes triuade? \*

I reave thee not thy Muse,  
 no; ought that Phœbus gavie:  
 But to thy Musickē so; to lende  
 an eare, is all I craue. \* \* \*

Then if thou long so much  
 to heare my pleasant voice,  
 (Siluanus) reason is, that with  
 thy wealth I should reioice. \*

He at my wealth doth ioy  
 that loues both me and mine:

The spitefull man hates me, and at  
 my welfare doth repine. \* \* \*

Yea, then as well thou mayst  
 in absence take delight

G.iiiij.      enough

Candidus.

Siluanus.

Candidus.

Siluanus.

Candidus.

The fist Egloge.

Enough of this my Muse, and so  
thy friendship I requite.  
These Verses are the feast  
and iuncket of the eare,  
These serues to feede the tasting iawes  
in steade of better cheare.  
Wherfore if thou desire  
to feast thine eares with sound :  
Then set my chaps a wokе with cates,  
for so thou standest bound  
By loue, and law of God,  
so pitie doth persuade.  
God gives not al his giftes to one,  
but in such sorte hath made  
His lawes of kinde, that none  
can finde suffising powre  
Within him selfe to serue his tourne,  
but at some needfull houre  
He standes in want of helpe  
and of some forraine ayde :  
And that is it that doth conioyne,  
and euer yet hath stayde  
In league of lasting loue  
all kindes of forraine wightes :  
The French, the Maure, the Italian, &  
the worthy Spanish knyghtes.

Then

Then let vs ioyne yfear,  
 and lincke at laſt in one  
 Those ſtarres that at eche others birth  
 and day of being ſhone.  
 Caufe Jupiter to be  
 my faithfull friend at naſde,  
 And thou ſhalt haue Mercurius helpe  
 if he may ſtande in ſteede.  
 Thou ſhalt not want his Hat,  
 his twigge, or Lute to play :  
 Alcydes knot thou ſhalt commaunde,  
 which ſewe can tell the way  
 O; none at all to loze,  
 ſo doubtfull is the drift :  
 Pea whiſking wings & all thy lummes  
 into the ſkies to lift. \*  
 God faith, me thinks thou ſelſt  
 a baine and triſing tale :  
 Your ouermany words declare  
 your tong is tipt with Ale. \* \*  
 You count it baine that doth  
 your riches wrong a whit.  
 But if to heare my merrie Muse  
 you haue ſo great delight :  
 Do eaſe my drouſie dumpes,  
 and my ſt of carefull minde :

Silianus.

Candidus.

¶ .The fift Eglogue.

For Weres craue a quiet brest  
and ioyfull heart by kinde.  
I woxen am of late  
much like the skirring Rite,  
Whome cruell colde and hunger cloyes,  
a slowe vnlustie wight.  
All scallie is my skinne,  
my lippes are passing drye :  
For lacke of licour at my neede  
I am at point to die.  
In stable not a Beast,  
in cloase no Corne to see :  
No crosse in pouch, and wouldest þ haue  
me boide of care to bee ?  
Such Physike doth not serue  
nor sitting is to ease  
Ne (stellie wiser) of my griesse  
and gryping sowle dysease.  
Make merrie me, do cloath  
my bare and naked bones,  
Belieue my Age, and thou shalt see  
me making Werte atones :  
I out of hand will sing  
and pipe in pleasant wise.  
A house that stored is with wealth  
where trash and treasure lies,

Doth

Doth cruell cares exile  
and banish dumpes away.  
A Hollar full, Foldes stuf with flockes,  
Pots full as ere they may :  
A Flaggon full to brimme,  
as much as it can holde,  
Barne full, fatte Cattle, and a Purse  
puffe vp with peyning Golde,  
These make the merry minde.  
Then pleasaunt tis to wake  
The Winter nights, and with a sticke  
at fiers side to make  
Good sport with streking of  
the Asshes furrowise :  
And roast the Chestnutte that grakst  
in scalding imber lies.  
And with an ale Cruse  
the cruell thirst to quell,  
And pleasaunt tales among a route  
of spinning Trulls to tell.  
For Vergil (by report)  
Mecænas bearing sway,  
The Countrey, Dren, soyle and eke  
the martiall warrs did splay  
Alost in lustie tune,  
and strake with stately Verse

The

The fift Eglogue.

The starry Skies, his Musike did  
the haughtie Heauens pierce.  
Good luck and stoe of wealth  
allowde him fluent vaine :  
W<sup>s</sup> stellie, poore and patched soules  
the Muses do disdaine.  
To vs that Cruell suppe  
with greedy gaping gunne,  
As leane as rakes, the God of skil,  
Apollo scornes to come. \*

*Siluannus.* O friend if hoped hap  
suffising wealth allowe  
To me, I will procure release  
of cares that cloy thee nowe. \*\*

*Candidus.* Siluannus would thy will  
did counteruaile thy myght,  
And thou wert bent as well as thou  
art able me to quite  
From present poore estate.

I neyther long to haue  
The fluent wealth of *Cosmick*, 'tis  
no silken cloake I craue.  
No robe of Purple staine  
o<sup>r</sup> Die that came from Tyre,  
No costly cates of mighty Kings,  
no<sup>r</sup> Bantets I desire.

Not

Not *Aesops* daintie dish  
or warlike *Pallas* shielde,  
Nor battled buildings raised hie  
that *Romaine* *Nero* helde.  
(I minde it well that I  
of *Vmber* learned this)  
I craue attire and vittailes in  
a thacched Coate ywys.  
So that I were assurde  
of that till life did blinne :  
Give me *Pythagors* homely fare,  
and *Cadmus* garments thinne.  
I often times haue had  
the hap to hit on such  
That offred hanē to me ere this  
in painted words as much,  
But nought they did in deede :  
my hope con sistes in thee  
Alone, and in none other man.  
If thou once false with me,  
Quite off is cut my hope :  
with *Nightingall* I may  
Shut vp my Pipes till next retourne  
of *Spring*, and learie my lap,  
As one withouten speach :  
then wil t be time to yae

The fift Egloge.

My weapon on the peast, and watch  
dischargde, the doore to shutte. \*

*Silvanus.* O Candid thou at Rome  
ere this (I know) hast binne :  
The sacred Senate there thou hast  
and holie Fathers scene,  
Wher are so many States  
and store of learned brynes,  
There may a man enrich him sone,  
there restes the Poets gaynes. \* \*

*Candidus.* No sure, thou art begylde,  
thou thinkst I long for yelde :  
So weenes the Cowlfe that other eate  
the meate he molwthes him selfe.  
And thou haste this conceyte  
that other treade the way  
And crosse the path that thou doest pace,  
thus doest thou come to say.  
A pittance would suffice,  
I couet not to flowe :  
O let me live withouten care,  
the Romaine Court I knowe.  
O (Silvan) what auayles  
that place so pore a Twilight ?  
Augustus long agoe is deade,  
in dampc or garksome night

yc

He woots and stayes in Hell.

If Rome do ought expe[n]de,  
Tis trifles. Rome receyues the golde,  
and w[or]ds for ware doth lende.

Glas, for now alone  
at Rome doth money raigne :  
Dame VERGE lies a weary life,  
eridie she bydes the paine.

Ech man doth bid vs hope  
and looke for good at last :  
We gnawe on Trust, tis slender food,  
we were as good to fast. \*

Display some dreadfull fielde,  
pen actes of worthie Peeres,  
Write weakefull Warts of wrathfull  
repaire to such as sterres (Kings :

And are the stay of Realmes,  
and wielde the princelie Pace :  
Thou shalt haue lucke to light on some  
that pitie will thy case. \* \*

Thus, sooner shall I finde  
a checke or scoffing taunt :  
Of Poets men as much accomp[any]t  
as stewes they darlie haunt.  
Why then (Silanus) doest  
thou stirre my chaufed witte ? \*

*Silanus.*

*Candidus.*

*Suchi*

The fist Eglogue.

*Siluanus.* Such filthie wordes to speake it is  
not for a Poet fitte. \*\*\*

*Candidus.* I can none other chuse  
but very sooth to say :  
But if thou fauor wouldest haue þe truth  
to be concealde, do stay  
Thy tong from mouing me,  
and leaue while things be well. \*

*Siluanus.* What 'tis not one to stirre to wrath,  
and good aduice to tell. \*\*\*

*Candidus.* Of counsayle I am storde,  
my budget is but bare :  
How shoulde a nedye Poet Warres  
and kingly Campes declare ?  
What hath not once so much  
good here below the Sunne,  
As knife to cut his Pipe, and cause  
the breath by holes to runne ?  
Beholde the handle of  
my Whittle how it waggs  
By losenesse of the pynnes : see howe  
the edge is all in iaggis  
And toothed like a sawe :  
but these are slender things,  
The lacke of meate and drinke is it  
that me so vily winges.

Out

The fist Eglogue.

49

God counsell somewhat mends  
the matter when it coms :  
But that aduice that fruitelesse is  
our shakēn Senses nooms.  
It breakes the busie braine,  
it weakes the wearie witte.  
For Paeres small friendships to bestow  
me thinks is nothing fitte :  
And they do flatte refuse  
great guerdons to forgoe.  
Besides our Princes now a dayes  
accompt of Verses so,  
As Boria's blast of leaues,  
with whiffing force that slie :  
Or Lybickē windē with stormie puffe  
that on the Seas doth lie.  
As frost doth force the Wine  
whome cruell it doth cut.  
The Besars they their tickling ioyes  
in swerte delights so put,  
(Unmindfull of their states)  
and ydle life imbrace :  
As Verses they will none that scame  
their vices to deface.  
Thence flow the wanton Rymes,  
this makes that Poets nolue

W.J.

Of

The fist Eglogue.

Of childish *Venus* chat so ofte  
they wotte neare what nor how :  
Of tauntes and scolding scoffe,  
of beastly bellie cheare,  
Of sluggish trade, infamous actes,  
which too rep;ochfull were  
And vile offence for one  
that honest is to write.  
But those that carst with hardy hande,  
and courage stout did fight,  
That vsed valiaunt armes  
and dealt with deadly blade,  
Not glutted with the greedie Golde,  
haue more of Poets made :  
And lou'd the lostie Muse  
and Clerce of stately stile.  
Those Martial Kings that foylde y soe  
With haughtie hand crewhile,  
Crfolde the haughtie Pen  
that did their battails blaske :  
But straight assoone as warlike wights  
and Clerce fled the place,  
The Poets could not write,  
Inuention fainted thoe :  
The learned lost their brains, the fload  
of Clersing wared lowe,

To

To wracke went worthy workes.

If now a dayes of fame  
Be any liuing that by warres  
hath gotte a gallant name :  
He forceth nought at all  
of after commers praise,  
Renoume of forraigne land he scornes  
content with present dapes,  
(Quite glutted with good fame)  
and lande that they allowe,  
Whome he doth hourly see with eye  
and viewes with daylie browe.  
A sauage man outright  
he loues no learned skill,  
Or else of much desired golde  
can never haue his fill :  
But drowned lies in mucke  
and filthie Metals mire,  
Quite crusht with cares as *Mydas* was  
with greedie goldes desire.  
Besides with Princes are  
a rude and rustick route,  
A spitefull sect : The flattering guest,  
the counterfauiting Loute  
Whose iestures maken glce,  
the baudic merchaunt cake,

W.g.

And

The fist Eglogue.

And he, that what so er he sayes,  
to please the care doth speake.  
Then he that playes on Stage,  
the iangling Jester to :  
Pert him y mate that hunts y Whore,  
and other tylousandes moe  
That hate the Poet, and  
are Virtues deadlie foes :  
Expell him from the Princes Court.  
Much like as when the Crows  
Haue lothsome Carraine founde  
and set the Carcas lie :  
They drine fro thence both Foule and  
not letting them come neare. (Beast,  
Againe some Poets are  
so out of reason rash,  
As (blockish beastes) they dare to make  
too fonde and swolish trash.  
And all to seide the eares  
and humours of the Poetes,  
Pea such as force no whit of fame.  
Fo: Poets eke there sterres  
A kinde of frantick moode  
and madnesse of the braynes :  
These (but I wotte not what it is  
that therewto constraines)

Will

The fist Eglogue.

51

Will poeſts be in haſt  
and taken ſo abrode,  
As ſone as once they haue in pipe  
of hollow hemlocke blowde.  
Well thinkie they of them ſelues,  
upon their bookeſ they beſt  
Uile Fewies and ſicly Scotts vntaught,  
not fitte to rule the roſt :  
Foreſeeing wrought at all  
foreright and wileſſe men.  
Who ſo accuſtomedde is to lende  
an eare unto theyr pen  
And foolish tedious tales,  
doe deeme there is no choice,  
But all are wiſe alike : and this  
is it that baſres the voce  
Of learned men in deede ;  
ſo ſt that he knowes not howe  
To iudge the better from the woorſe,  
Minerua from the Wolfe.  
O Cander, I protest  
by Heauenly pouers on hie,  
And haughtie Gods of Olympe hill  
that wield the ſcudding Skye :  
That I (if on my ſarles  
there light a bleſſed blaſt)

Silurus.

D.iii.

Will

The fist Eglogue.

Will seke to further thee in tyme,  
and be thy helpe at last.  
Meanewhiile content thy selfe  
and champe on hope with me :  
Till better fortune shall allowe  
my friendlier fates to be. \* \* \*

*Candidus.* If so thou meane me well,  
I wish thee like againe. \*

*Siluarius.* Yes sayth wyt h all my heart and minde,  
the proufe shall make it plaine,  
Within a little space. \* \* \*

*Candidus.* Farewell thou churlish Chusse,  
Pray God thou never mayst returne  
that never hast yrouffe.

Would all thou handest mought  
(as *Mydas* did of yore)

Be Golde, for cause thou settest of Golde  
more than of Vertue store.

g The



¶ The.vj.Eglogue en-  
tituled C O R N I X .

The Argument.

*H*owe Countrey differs from the Towne  
here Cornix he recites :  
He girdes the foolish sorted Sectes,  
and against the wytlesse writes.

The speakers names.

Cornix. Fulica.

*T*he wrathfull winter snowes,  
fell Borcas blasts do blowe,  
The yssicles from houses hang :  
The man that earst did sowe  
And tillde his stonie soile,  
hath let a fielde his plowe,  
And takes his ease : the wearie ground  
it selfe doth slumber nowe.  
The Shephierd hauing shutte  
his dores, and caught his cloake  
Bærpes house : N e a r a eke doth sitte  
at home in smothering smoake  
At Chimnie noke, and plies  
hir pottage Pot apace :

H.ijij

Carst

Cornix.

The fist Eglogue.

Carſt ſontner for his ſcalding heate,  
(when ſommier was in place)  
That was ſo much myſlikte,  
is now commended ſore :  
And winter hated is of vs  
for whom we wifht before. \*

Fulica.

All p'reſent pleasure we  
but little worth eſteeme,  
Surpaſſyng that which is to come  
(the hoped good) we deeme :  
Cuen ſo the farther off the light  
the moze the light doth ſame. \* \* \*

Cornix.

Eche Tyme and ery Age  
his pleasure bryngs with it :  
See how the Countrey bores unkempt  
in patched garments knit,  
Reioyce at slaughter time  
when Piggis do go to Potte,  
They fill the Bladder full of Beanes,  
and hauing tide a knotte  
They rattell it a god :  
an other whiles withall  
Closefisted they theyr Elbowis ioyne  
and ſcote the flying ball.  
And thus the winter colde  
with trottryng here and there,

And

The sixt Eglogue.

53

And frosty time with courfing of  
the Countrey ball they weare.  
Yet wee farre better here  
in Chunnies like to burne  
Istretcht in strawe, do wast the time  
whilst milke to crudde doth turne. \*

The Wlinter doth forshew  
the poore and needfull plight.

We yowthes are such a retchlesse route  
as do not wep a white

The aftertime to come:

In Sonmer carelesse we  
Do lead our liues not minding what  
the Wlinter is wont to bee,  
And all our pence the Pixer hath  
for making merry glee.

When Borias makes retourne  
from Scythian frosty bounde  
And bared trees with battred boughes  
and leaues yarde in grounde

Bewray where byrds haue bledde  
and hatcht their chickens earst:

Poore naked soules our shoulders, back,  
ribbs, fete with colde are pierst.

Our soleil Wlinter wries,  
more wise the Townish be,

Fulica.

H.v. That

The sixt Eglogue.

That heape their hō:des of wealth at  
furrde downe beneath y knēe. (hōme  
The Fōre the bellie wraps,  
the stomacke gardes the shāpe :  
With help of speckled Libart eke  
away the colde they kāpe. \*

We Countrie men arc hōttes  
and Fōoles of erie age,  
But not alone we wittlesse are :  
for why a madder rage  
In Citizens doth raigne.  
But Lady FORTUNE is  
A Damne to them, she seemes to vs  
a Mothēr lawe ywis.  
This Stepdamne sterne doth deale  
with vs in crueill sorte :  
They now a dayes are counted mad  
that beare the baser porcē.  
But once allowe me wealth,  
let me haue riches stōre :  
Then I am best in all the towne,  
I shall goe all before.  
Then will my tale be hearde,  
I shall be masterd aye :  
Then croke they knēes, the caps go off,  
and marke what cuet way

I passe,

The sixt Eglogue.

54

I passe, the people crouch :  
my coansell then they seeke  
Both poore & rich, the wealthy strudge,  
the saged Fathers eke. \*

O Corix, tis not Chaunce  
that brædes this Witte in Man,  
But 'tis the minde : nor maken vs  
this Fortune wealthy can.

Tis God that giues the goods  
as earst Amyntas sayde :  
Tis easy riches to attaine  
if he do stande our ayde. \*\*

Pay Fortune is a God,  
no doubt therof I haue.  
But what was it Amyntas tolde :  
of thoe his tale I craue.

For he was knowne a man  
of quicke and sharper braune  
Than diuers are, wherfore I would  
heare his god verdite sayne.

But yet before thou hast  
that wise discourse begunne :  
Unto the foldes to see our flockes  
I pray thoe (Fulike) runne.  
Trudge, and returne in haste,  
for after colde (thou knowst)

A fift

Fulica.

Corix.

The sixt Egloge.

A fitte of heate more welcome is,  
packe and retire in post. \*

Fulica.

Up to my knæ doth reache  
the thicke unthawed snowe,  
Scarce houses bare the weight therof:  
the Duen that bakes the dowe,  
Hath at the very toppe  
great lumpes therof that lyes,  
And vp into a picked poynt  
it clynes in Pilier wylle. \*\*\*

Cornix.

Ful up the backe with hay  
that came of latter share:  
Do stoppe the clouen clif's with straw,  
if so the walles doe stare  
Or gape in any place:  
and ere thou hither come,  
Besmeare the thresholde round about  
with slime and bullocke lome.

Fulica.

Fox nothyng more annoys  
or banes a Beast than colde.  
What: art thou com: what means this  
tis more than vse of olde. \* (hast:  
Fie, Winter nippes me sore,  
this frost doth make me frette:  
The greatest comfort in the earth  
is, both in colde and heate,

To hugge in reakyng hay,  
and when the soide is past  
In stonyng straw to stretch our stumps  
and lymnes on mow to cast. \* \*

Go to, begyn to tell.

how Towne and Countrey trade  
Do swarue, the odds display thou here.\*

Thus god Amyntas made  
The diffrence swirt these two.

What time the wōlde began  
And things as yet were newly framde,  
then G O D did linke a Man  
With wooman aye to lue,  
and marride them yseare  
He wilde the Man to get the Babes,  
the Wooman babes to beare:

And taught them how they shuld  
ther children cke beget.

At first they vypde theyr busynesse well,  
and did ther tasker set.

Woulde so they had done still,  
and let the fruite alone:  
And never tasted of that tree  
the Apple grewe vpon.

The Wooman wore a danie,  
both Boy and Wench she boȝe:

Cornix.

Fulica.

Narratio

And

The sixt Eglogue.

And pearclly so by like increase  
with men the earth did store.  
Whan fiftene yeares were past,  
God came again that way  
And there he found the Wloman whilc  
she gan hir babes aray.  
Him she dyscride a farre,  
as she at threholde sate.  
(This while was Adam gone a fiedle  
this Wlomans wedded Mate.  
He carelesse fed his flocke,  
as then was no mystrust  
Of falshode twirt the man and wife.  
But when that growing lust  
Made manie marri'ge knots :  
then false they gan to play,  
They knockt the Coate about the pate  
and rest his hornes away  
To grasse on Husbandes heade :  
then iealous seide begenne  
To take his roote in Husbandes brest,  
he doubted of his Sonne.  
For men that false a boorde  
themselues are wont to play,  
Mystrust their wiues will goe about  
their auncient debtes to pay.)

Here:

Herewith the Mother blusht,  
and bare hir selfe in hande  
Somarie babes would ouermuch  
against his liking stand,  
And make hir be suspect  
of too much wanton lust :  
She ranne and hid me some in hay,  
and some in chaffe she thurst.  
In came the mightie G O D,  
and hauing bleſſt the place  
Said : Woman fetch me all thy babes  
that I may ſee their face.  
The Mother brought the biggſt  
and let the leſſer lie :  
GOD likt them well. As men are wont  
(as daylie proufe doth tric)  
Of Foules and ſenting Houndes  
to like the eldeſt beſt.  
First to the ſenior of his Sonnes  
thus ſpake the G O D and bleſſt.  
Take thou this kingleie Mace,  
ſupplie a Caſars roome :  
Unto the ſecond brother Armes,  
and made him Mars his groome.  
Be thou a Duke (quod he)  
and daunt thy foes in fight :

And

The sixt Eglogue.

And then at last he shewde out Roddes  
and Are to open sight,  
With Twigs of tender Vnre  
and noble Romair e darre:  
And Offices gan deale about  
to every Babe a part.  
Wherwith the Mother glad  
to see hir Sonnes erode,  
Ranne in, and fetcht out all hir bode,  
and sayd: Thou God beholde  
These are my belly fruite,  
thosc in my womb I bare  
As well as thosc: touchsafe to let  
these haue some part of share.  
Their bristled pates were white  
With chaffe, the stralne it heng  
About their armes, and spider webbs  
that to the wattles cleeng.  
Those likte hennought at all  
not one he fasside well,  
But frowning sayd: Anant you Cises,  
of mowe and mould you smell.  
Take you the goyng Goade  
and countrey punchyng pricke:  
Take you the spitting Spade in hande,  
and Garden setting sticke.

20

To you the Culter longs,  
the Boake and other trash :  
You shall be Ploughmen, Carters yow,  
with Whip to giue the lash.  
You shall be Shepheardes yow,  
haycutters, delue the soile :  
You shall be Seamen, Cowardes cke,  
turmoilde with endlesse toile.  
But yet among you all  
we do appoint that some  
shal leaue the clownish Countrey life  
and to the Towne shall come.  
As Puddingmakers, Cookes,  
the Butchers, Piewiues cake :  
And other such like sluttish Artes  
of whome I doe not speake :  
That wented are to sweate  
and at the Coales to burne,  
Like Drudges wasting all their dayes  
to serue their maisters turne :  
This done, the mighty god  
departed from the Skies.  
Thus twixt the Towne & Country did  
the difference first arise.  
Thus were the Clowns vmade, as god  
Anynt doth devise. \*

The sixt Eglogue.

Cornix.

If he had ought sayde well  
I would haue marueld much :  
He was a Townish man, and they  
do euer beare a grutch  
And byte with bitter scoffe  
vs poore and Countrey soules,  
Tis all the worke they haue to do,  
aye vs the Towne controls.  
Pea, they will nothing shame  
against the Gods to iest,  
Deuising trifles like to this.  
Art thou so plaine a gest  
And stuff with Pudding so  
and hast thy belly full,  
As that thy selfe art toutcht herein  
can never pierce thy skull :  
This nippe is euен a taunt :  
but let vs for a space  
Unto the follies of the Towne  
convert our Countrey face,  
And iudge of all their daedes :  
least thou surmize perhaps  
That they are wyser vnto whome  
the people baile their caps :  
And such as daylie goe  
in Golde and Purple weede,

Than

The sixt Eglogue. 58

Than we that homelie Rystickes are  
and simple men in dede.

I syndrie times haue syne  
men cladde in costly geare

Like Princes bout the Market square  
and ietting here and theare :

Quite hungersteru'd at heme  
and Kitchins boide of Cookes,  
As pōe as Job, when all was wypes  
for all their lostie lookes.

What follie more than this ?  
to beare of wealth a face,  
And be a needie Begger yet  
for all the painted case ?

Men but beguile themselues  
in vsing this devise.

Yea more than that, my selfe haue seene  
the Office fathers wise

That beare the onely sway  
(O vile and filthic crime)

Whilst they themselues wil live at easse  
and leudly waste the tyme :

Set out their wiues to hire  
and daughters to be solde :

What can be wōsse ? o: fowler fact ?  
What more to be controlde ? \*

I.y.

Put

The sixt Eglogue.

Fulica.

Put case they can not finde  
another way to liue ? \* \* \*

Cornix.

No : did not G O D as many handes  
and other Senses giue  
To them, as vnto vs ?  
yes. Then I pray thee tell  
The very reason (Fulick) why  
they can not liue as well ?  
Nay, more than that are some  
that practize daylie scate  
To come by wealth by vaine devise  
as neuer man could get.  
With iuice of sappie hearbes  
they rubbe and burnish Brasse,  
In hope to make it Golde in tyme,  
and bring their willes to passe  
In wresting Nature cleane  
and chaunging kinde by skill :  
They pufse the coales in pensiue care  
with swarth and smoakie gyll.  
Another studies harde  
and plies inchauntments sore,  
In hope to finde some hidden vaine  
of Golde, vñknowne before  
That lurkes in dampē of ground  
and hollowe Vault belowe,

And

The sixt Eglogue: 59

And playes the Witch, but nothing gai:  
as prouise doth plainly shewe. (nes  
What vainer tosse than this?  
what leude or lighter iest?  
Because they would auoide the plough-  
mans life that is the best,  
They practice euery feate,  
attempting euery thing:  
They ofte begin, but never ought  
to good effect can bring.  
They euer turne and wende  
and kepe a daylie coile,  
To kepe them from the carefull Carte  
and tilling of the soile.  
By Money loane and Use  
of filthie fulckers trade,  
(That Turie may well be termide)  
infamous shiftes be made.  
They practice force and fraude,  
and double dealing are:  
They lay their wilie hookes for wealth,  
deuising day by day  
A meane to mount to state  
and Honours tickle thone.  
Whilst we Shepe, Coates & flockes do  
and let such trickes alone: (seede  
I.iiij. They

The sixt Eglogue,

They keepe their sowring Hawkes,  
they foster barcking Houndes,  
They haue their footecloth Pags to ride  
about their pasture groundes.  
Of Punkies much they make  
and other Apish toyes :  
This is the onely trade they use,  
these are the Townish toyes.  
The Rusticke Cattle keepes,  
the Townsman Curs and Kites :  
I pray thee iudge which is the best  
of theirs or our delightes :  
Which most with Worship standes ?  
which brings the greater gaine ? \*  
If so our trade be bett' than theirs,  
then how should they attaine  
Such store of stamped Coine,  
and Riches as they haue :  
How come they by that daintie fare ?  
how by those garmentes braue ? \* \*  
How man ? By slipper craft,  
by pelting pilfring shiftes :  
By subtile fetches of the minde,  
by dable diuelish driftes.  
What (madman) dost not see  
how vs they daylie wryng

Fulica.

Cornix.

In cruell wise? If of our wordes  
 (a vile and brastlie thing)  
 They take aduauntage once  
 and catch vs in a trippre:  
 We shall be sure to feele the smart  
 and byde the lashing whippe.  
 They dēeme a godlie dēede  
 to take vs in the snare:  
 And this is all their whole deuise,  
 their studie and their care. \*

Whie? Howe befalls that thou  
 the Citie knowst so well? \* \*

Howe? This I learned earst while I  
 my milke was wont to sell,  
 And had my female Goates  
 within the Citie wall,  
 I dasted at a Bakers house,  
 he knewe their manners all.  
 He was a craftie Childe,  
 and with his yron would  
 Goe cut the doawe, and nip the leaues  
 when Maidens gan to mould.  
 He, as he wist their wile  
 and knewe their craftie trade,  
 Sayd, that the Citie was a Hell.  
 A whole dis course he made

Fulica.

Cornix.

I.iii.

D

The sixt Eglogue.

Of their unchristie lynes  
that in the towne did wonne :  
And tolde me, that to filch at first  
himselfe had there begonne.  
In Cities other are  
with beastly baudie rule  
That wast the wealth their Grandsires  
and plying of the Cule. (gau<sup>e</sup>  
They haue their minion Trulls  
and wanton fleshly Froes :  
Oh, what more fithie can be founde  
than is the life of those ?  
(Pray) Where is Whordome vsde ?  
Manslaughter and Clyre ?  
Beare these in Cities not the sway,  
and euer did of yore ?  
Where lodge those Kings that seeke  
their Crownes by losse of blode ?  
And force their subiects to the death  
that in their quarrell stode ?  
Where wonne the warly wights  
that with such desperat hartes  
Obiect themselves to fearfull foe  
and dint of deadlie darteres ?  
For slender wages they  
do hazard life and all :

What

What madnesse more thā theirs that so  
do seeke for sodaine fall ?  
Of life they lesse accompt  
than of a blast of fame.  
And what is glo:ie, praise, or laude ?  
What Wor:ship ? Honours name ?  
What giddie peoples voice  
and br:ute of foolish braines ?  
All dies and weares away with time,  
death all this trumperie stains,  
All sodainly do flitte  
as light when Sunne doth dimme.  
And they that hauing wealth at Land  
vpon the Surge will swimme,  
And leaue their Countrey coast  
are foolish wights I trowe :  
He wants his witts that will astie  
in windes and water so.  
Who so hath stoe of wealth  
and vseth not the same,  
Is mad I thinke : But yet of all  
that man is most to blamie  
That liues a Misers life  
and ouerharde doth fare,  
And heapes his treasure in a hō:de  
and all fo: Some to spare :

I.V.

And

The sixt Eglogue.

And leaues the thing vndone  
(which he mought compasse well)  
For children that shall after come  
when he is deade in Hell.  
All such as number starres  
and meddle with the Skies,  
And those that calke the dayes of birth,  
and thinke they can comp;ise  
By skill to scan the fate  
to man that shall betide,  
Are verie fooles : But from his wits  
yet he is farder wide  
The nature of the Gods  
that doth ensearch to knowe,  
And dares vpon so great a light  
his little eyes to th;owe.  
Farre better is our faith :  
for Townsmen euer looke  
To haue a Reason, else they will  
scarce credit any booke.  
Rare wordes we soone belieue  
that are of Countrey stamp,  
And at the sacred Altar set  
vp many a light and Lanpe.  
The Cytizens are harde  
of faith, and neuer blinne

To

To search the secrets of the Gods :  
whome if it were no sinne  
To descant of so much,  
but that we ought to knowe  
Their natures, then theselues they mo-  
vnto our Senses shewe. (uight  
But sithens they would haue  
their secret kinde unknowne :  
What meane we to enquire of Gods  
and let them not alone ?  
Our charitie brides  
the Townish zeale exercides.  
For holie men that serue the Church  
and weare the sacred vides,  
What sorte of meate get they  
which goe from place to place,  
Of vs that in the Countrey dwell  
within a little space ?  
I Vargeis lode haue seene  
of Graine and goodly Corne  
Brought from the countrie to þ towne,  
we aye such zeale haue borne.  
Another sort of Hottes  
and foolish men there are :  
As pett'e foggers, barking Buggs  
and Pleaders at the barre,

Well

The sixt Eglogue.

Well skilde to scrape for coine  
eu'en Tirants in their trade :  
For sa they sell their helping hand,  
for money they are made  
The wrongfull case to pleade :  
they make they; chiefest gaine  
By letting Causes longer hang  
than naide or lawe constraine  
Within the cruell Court  
where matters are to heare,  
And what at snc Court day mought  
they linger on a yeare. (end,  
Physitons eke there are  
from place to place that ride  
On Bullets, that full often strike  
the vaines that are denide,  
And minister anisse,  
and for dyscases frame  
(Whose kind they never knew before  
a certaine terme and name.  
And they (though Arte they want  
and lack good Physicks skill)  
Haue lawfull leaue to vere the sickle,  
yea Patientes eke to kill.  
And those that Office beare  
and swinge the chiefest sway,

The

The more authoritie they haue  
the more they runne astray.  
The madder warden they  
once placde in Rulers ronne.  
O, what of holie Gouernours  
and Fathers is become,  
Of whome our Elders earst  
by fier sitting tolde?  
Nowe all is gone to spitefull wracke  
that hath bene seene of olde.  
The Temples are defaste,  
the poore do make complaint,  
The widows weepe & wring their hāds  
with too much griefe attaint.  
And what should be the cause  
that things are at this hande?  
The onely reason is for that  
that Lust for Lawe doth stande. \*

Fie (Cornix) fie, your rage  
beyonde all reason goes:  
Thou all men dost condemne alike.  
What (man) thou must suppose  
That of the Townish some  
are good, in Citie dwell  
Some honest men that leade their liues  
and get their riches well.

Fulica.

I haue

The sixt Eglogue,

I haue forgot the name,  
but sure thereof I stande,  
Nie *Balcaria* liues no *Snake*,  
all benonne boides the lande.  
No *Dhole* in *Creta* cries,  
no *Horse* or *Gelding* runnes  
On mount *Ageria*: nos no ho-  
nest man in *Citie* wunnes. \*

*Fulica.*

*Cornix.*

O *Fulick* thou art mad,  
that takst their partie so:  
Eche one that in the *Citie* dwells  
is thy undoubted soe.  
They haue vs close to skinne,  
they pill and make vs bare:  
They force vs first to fitch, and then  
our neckes they do not spare.  
They wey not they a whit  
though we to *Gallowes* goe,  
They tye vs vp in hampyng corde  
on tree to fede the *Crowe*.  
If we haue ought that likes  
their fangle or their lust,

They

The sixt Eglogue. 64

They shinke to wring it frō our hands,  
it is both good and iust.  
They plucke away our plumes  
and feathers one by one :  
They never linne to scrape our goodes  
till all our wealth be gone.  
Whiche if we chaunce to see,  
excuses then are had :  
But so we see not when tis done,  
they will denie like mad  
They never toke away  
one iote but was their owne :  
No wrong they do estarme the Theft  
to be that is unknowne.  
Thus all the wealth they haue  
and mucke that lies in mowe  
By our sustained toile they gat  
and sweate of painfull brouwe. \*

Pay, now you farre excede  
the bounds of meane and right. \*\*\* *Fulica.*

O Fulicke, Townish shameful prancks *Cornix.*  
infect the woldे quite.

What makes in Sommer tyme  
so many rotten shoures ?  
Such thundring flakes, winde, clouds &  
as from the Heauen poures ? (haile,  
I yet

The sixt Egloge.

I yet remember I  
haue seene the ground to quake :  
The haughtie rofes of houses fall,  
and Pillerpostes to shake :  
The Sunne obscurde with darke  
amid the shining day :  
And in the night the Moone ydimde  
and Starrelight tane away.  
Howe chaunst that stinking weedes  
the graine do ouergre,  
And wilde and barraine Dates oppresse  
the hoped Haruest so :  
Howe hapt the Goate inuades  
and tramples downe the Vine :  
That smelling flours in spring are spilt,  
and Garden goods do pine :  
All these misbehappes by meane  
of ciuill Townish yll  
Befall : and moe in time (I feare)  
thereby such myschieues will.  
Whence come these rash vproares ?  
Whence springs this battails broile,  
That brings with it all kind of plagues  
that so annoy the soile :  
The Citie is the head  
and Fountaine whence it flowes.

Lyc. 101

*Lycaon h̄e that cruell woulfe  
(whome all the woorde knowes)  
From Citie did discende :*

*Dencalion (with his make  
Good Pyrrha) was a Countrieman.*

*I was for Lycaons sake  
That all the earth was drownde,*

*Dencalion peasde the waue :  
Lycaon murthred many men,*

*Dencalion man did saue :  
He toke them from the earth,  
this brought them life againe.*

*If euer Fire should wast the worlde  
(as some affirme it plaine)*

*That mischief shall descend  
from Towne and Citie sure :  
Their vile and filthy liuing will  
those cruell plagues procure. \**

*O Cornix, leaue to talke,  
I heare the bores to call  
For pottage, (lest I be deceiude)  
if ought be test, it shall  
At after dinner boe  
debated and discuss :  
Now let vs plie the paunch, the horre  
declares to meate we must.*

*Fulica.*

K.J.

The

¶ The. vij. Eglogue en-  
tituled POLLUX.

The Argument.

*H*ere Galbula extols  
the Shephierds to the Skie :  
And tels how Pollux did conuert  
that sawe the Sainct with eie.

The speakers names.

Alphus. Galbula.

*W*hat thinkst thou Galbula ?  
sir Pollux passing fine  
In piping earst (I wotte not howe)  
inspirde with powre deuine  
For went his pipe, his Maede,  
his charge of Beastes, his Mates,  
And hooded (as the Lapwings are  
with crists vpon their pates)  
Fourre dayes agoe himselfe  
to holie house did yelde.  
Some think that whilst his flock he led  
alone in open fielde,  
He sawe some godlie shape  
from Heauen to appeare,

(The

The seuenth Eglogue. 66

(The rest I haue forgot) but what  
thinkst thou? I long to heare. \*

As Sages sayde, when God  
eche creature gan to make,  
(No trifles I will tell, but such  
of yore as Vmber spake)

Both Clownish countrey wights  
and Shephierdes he ordainde:

The Tylinan tough, bnmilde, in ci-  
uill nurture never trainde,  
Much like the lumpish clay  
that Culter doth controll:

The Shephierd of a softer kinde  
a sicly hertlesse soule.

As simple as the Sheepe,  
deuo:de of w;athfull gall,  
The Sheepe that velds the milk, & likes  
his keeper aye withall.

From flocke to Altare he  
would bring when so he came  
Sometime a Sheepe, a fatted Calfe,  
sometime a sucking Lambe.

To Gods their honour due  
he gaue with good intent:  
His seruice so preuailde with them,  
he so their Godheads bent,

Galbula.

B.g.

80

The seuenth Eglogue.

As since the time the worlde  
created was and made,  
Unto this houre most gratesfull was  
to Gods the Shephierds trade.  
And more than this, he calde  
*Assyrians* a sort,  
(Their names through care I haue for-  
to Mace and Bingly port, (got)  
That Shephierds were afore :  
who garnisht braue in Golde  
And purple roabes, proude countries oft  
in battaile haue controlde.  
That *Paris* that behelde  
threé Goddesses in *Ide*,  
With *Paris* eke the Syre that would  
haue forc'd his sonne to haue dide,  
A Shephierd was. When *Moy-*  
*ses* fearde with heauenly syre  
Came barefoote through the fieldes to see  
the signe with great desyre,  
A Shephierd then he was  
and lately come from floud.  
*Apollo* (as a bannisht man)  
in *Grece* did thinke it good  
His Godhead layde aside  
a Shephierds charge to take,

And

The seuenth Eglogue. 67

And so th' *Amphrisian* fields to walke  
and Bowe and shafts for sake.  
Those sacred Angels eke  
when Christ in *Dren* stall  
W<sup>t</sup>as born, forspake for Shephierds sake  
that he would be a th<sup>h</sup>all.  
And Shephierds being taught  
the miracles diuine  
Of heauenly birth, did first beholde  
the thundring Impe with eyen.  
The mightie Infant gaue  
the Shephierds libertie  
Before the wise and royll Kings  
in Cradle him to see.  
A Shephierd he him selfe  
disdained not to call,  
Those men he termed Sheepe that sun-  
ple were and meke withall.  
And least you thinke I lie,  
from *Citic* home againe  
To *Countrie* as I came, In *Church*  
I redde them painted plaine.  
There portrayde are the Beasts  
and little Lambes that lie  
On soile beside their dames. A hu-  
gie troupe from mountains hic

L.113.

Of

The seuenth Eglogue.

Of Gods on horseback comes,  
their Diademes do blaze  
With glittering Golde, this sight doth  
the passers by to gaze. (make  
No manuell then if Gods  
appearde to *Pollux* sight :  
In Villages, in Shewe and home,  
lie Shepecots they delight :  
GOD is a guest to simple men,  
the haughtie he doth spite. \* \* \*

*Alphus.* Thou teist the truth, I wish  
the fieldes as hurtlesse bee  
Unto your Beasts. The Asse, the rack,  
and Bullocke I did see.  
I call to minde the route  
that thither fockt apace,  
We thinkes I see the Kings of Inde  
that brought their gifts in place.  
One thing I craue, what kinde  
of shapz did *Pollux* see ?  
And if thou knowst it (*Galbula*)  
do daine to tell it me. \*

*Galbula.* I knowe it well, and will  
rehearse the storie true,  
A worthie fact to tell or heare  
so; all men to ensue.

Th:

The froward Father, and  
 the Scept Dame full of pride,  
 Had pressed *Pollux* necke with yooke  
 vneasie to abide,  
 In tender yeares when yongh  
 swete pleasures doth persuade :  
 But when he fealt his force to faile  
 throught such a wary trade,  
 And sawe no Arte preuailde  
 their rige to relent,  
 He thought it best to runne away :  
 and thus to flight vuent  
 His onely let was this,  
 he lou'd impatiencly.  
 For doting loue (a common fault)  
 doth yongh accompany.  
 Loue of it selfe is strong,  
 the violence doth passe.  
 He went : At parture (these complainys  
 to me he wanted was  
 His dolours to declare)  
 with mourneful voice he spake :  
 Wilt thou (O Virgin) shew thy teares  
 for such a traytors sake ?  
 And when thou seest thy selfe  
 by Louer so betravde,

The seuenth Eglogue.

Wilt thou bewaile the want of him  
that such a pranke hath playde ?  
Wilt thou thy cruell friend  
remember in distresse ?  
O shall that louyng brest of thine  
a chilie colde possesse ?  
That brest that hath prouokt  
so many wæping eyes,  
Wilt thou wan for grief : wilt thou  
sende sighngs to the h[er]skies ?  
I see the Virgins eyes,  
hir eares, hir painted hart.  
Alas may any cunning now  
conceale my secrete smart ?  
A double dolour doth  
distraine my troubled minde,  
Hir griefe and my distresse : my woe  
to waile is me assignde,  
But not to hir : my fire  
more couertly doth burne.  
You Gods (I trust) will hir preserue  
in health till my returne.  
That after my erile  
When I shall backe retire,  
Our loue may haue a good successe  
ere youthfull yeares expire.

Thus

The seuenth Eglogue.

69

Thus talking he did passe,  
and would haue turnde againe:  
Such loue had bleard the boy, such frangisie  
fie brylde in youthfull braine.

But now the Dice were cast,  
decreed was the flight,  
He vnderneath a Popple tree  
sate downe a wofull wight.

Beholde a Virgin crownde  
with Garlande he did see,  
Hir face, hir eyes, and habite were  
Nympflike in eche degrœ.

She did approche, and thus  
the sorie boy bespake.

(Sweet Lad) where wilte thou wander  
thy purposde pathes for sake. (now:  
glas thou wottst not where  
this way woulde bring thee streight,  
Yet darst thou goe to places straunge:  
and thinking no deceipt.

To lurke in grassie fielde,  
eche perill thou negleste,  
All safe thou deemist, & that which likes  
thee best, thou most respectest  
Like vnaduised youth.

The Adder knit in knot,

And

The seuenth Eglogue.

And lurking in the grasse doth bite  
the man that sawe him not,  
Whereware is sone begilde.

The Infant dares assay  
Withouten dreade in burningg Coales  
With tender handes to play,  
And thinkes it but a spot  
vntill he feele the fire.

This Countrie traines the passengers  
at first with swete desire,  
And proffers pleasures rife  
With ioyes exceeding all :

But entred once, foreseing nat  
the hurte that may befall,  
It settts a thousand snares  
and planteth perills mo;e.

This path as sone as you haue past,  
that hill you see before

Leades to a shadie wood  
where cruell beasts do dwell,  
To dungeons deepe and lachsom vaults,  
as blacke as any Hell.

And who so is intrapt  
shal thence retire no more :  
For first he hath a fillet swarth  
and bale his eyes before.

Then

Then drawne about the wood  
throughe sharpe and shubby thornes,  
To monster he transformed is :  
and whilste his tongue he turnes  
And thynks to speake, he howles,  
and coueting upright  
To go, he groueling crepes on foure,  
the heauens are barrd his sight.  
Beneath a Valley darke,  
a Pit with waters blake  
Doth stand, and then a mountayn huge  
doth overlooke the Lake.  
Thus drawne to stinkyng Styx,  
is headlong downe ycast  
Into the filthy syde, the Sinke  
doth swallowe him in hast :  
Thus damnde to Styx in shade  
for aye he must abyde.  
Alas, how many Shephierds through  
these dotyng fitts haue dyde :  
And perish with theye flockes :  
but I am busie still  
As one vntirde, to shewe the way  
and wreke thee from the yll.  
Therefore do way delayes  
and sic the flattring doze

Ehit

The seuenth Eglogue.

That traines to death, go seeke the cost  
that leades to secrete shore,  
Against th'Idalian floods  
where *Carmelus* is seene,  
To lift his head aloft to Skies  
bedeckt with Garlande greene.  
To auncient fathers first  
this Hill gaue dwellings good,  
As canes and houses made of trees  
within a brushy wood.  
From thence Religion first  
deriu'd his offspring toke,  
And came amongst your hills, as from  
his head, the running brooke,  
And from one Grandsire as  
do many Nephewes sproute.  
In those same woods, where Beechybou-  
are growing all about, (ghes  
Wher fattie Pir doth sweate  
and Terebynth doth shed  
His glewlike gum, and clamunie iuyce.  
There after thou hast led  
A happie hertlesse life  
deuouide of vile offence:  
Then into places euer greene  
and flourishing from thence

I will

I will aduaunce thee streight,  
a better lodge to dwell :  
Immortall shalt thou warden then,  
and (marke what tale I tell)  
Thou shalt as fellowe made  
vnto the heauenly States,  
Get vp aboue the starres, and haue  
the Nymphs vnto thy mates,  
Both Hamadriads and  
the hillie Orcads hight,  
And Napes, Ladies that in sweetes  
and Garlands doe delight : }  
With lawfull leaue to haue þ Skies  
both vp and downe in sight.  
Thus hauing tolde hir tale  
to Skie the Virgin felwe.  
The Pollux sware his mind was turnd,  
and heart vchangde a new  
Forwent his furies fitte.  
Even as the firie flash  
Is quencht, whē Padus with his stremes  
the syring fields doth wash :  
So parted cruell Loue,  
that earst his Arrowes shot  
At him (good youth) that striuing would  
those colde hote fitts forgot :

And

The seuenth Eglogue.

And so god Pollux he  
to silent Cloyster came. \* \*

*Alphus.* Beamary, Gods some men inspire,  
that loke not for the same,  
But they with other wroth  
and causelesse angry bee. \*

*Galbula.* Such powre hauie Gods on vs as on  
our selly sheepe hauie we.

This knowledge will suffice  
vs simple Countrie clownes :  
Let them contende for greater witte  
that weare the Scarlet gownes  
And in the Citie wonne.

Thus person Janus tolde  
Returnde from towne, and sayd he sawe  
it writte in storie olde. \* \*

*Alphus.* Nowe goes the Sunne to glade  
he toucheth top of hills,  
Therefore that wee with him depart  
his wented parting wills.

O Galbula get vp  
those trinkets on thy backe  
The Scrippre is light, the bottle light,  
no payne to beare the packe.  
For though the burthen way  
yet is it god to beare,

The eight Eglogue. 73

Do that, and I will fetch our flockes,  
for nowe the day doth weare.

¶ The. viij. Eglogue en-  
tituled RELIGIO.

The Argument.

Two Shephierds met yfare,  
one like the Mountaines most,  
And tother did commend the Vale  
aboue the Hillie coast.  
The prasse of Pollux Sanct  
is intermingled here,  
And sacred feasts, with holie dayes  
that happen in the yere.

The speakers names.

Candidus. Alphus.

O Alphus, now the sco:ched ground  
doth thirst, bycause the Sunne  
Is in the hiesl point of Heauen  
that he is wont to runne.

Welches

The eight Eglogue.

Wherfore unto the hanging hills  
this present time persuades  
To drue our flocks where Deaw is rise  
and Mountes do cast their shades. \*

*Alphus.*

Yea, yea, I see the hills afarre  
and haughtie Mountains hie :  
But (to be plaine) what of the hills  
to make I know not I.

For from my Cradle custome was  
with mee to fadre my shape  
In Vale belowe, by riuers side  
to dwell, and flocke to kepe.

Upon the hillie grounde (I pray)  
what kinde of corn doth sproute? \*\*

*Candidus.*

O simple sicillie witted lobbe,  
O plaine and picuish loute,  
That aye hast dwelt by damping fouds  
and filthie Fennes belowe,  
Much like the Gnats that haunt þ lakes  
where brushe and rubbish grove,  
And where the sluttish vermin cause  
a sauour like to hell,  
And stisling stinke in durtie dikes,  
and Murrish deapth to dwell.  
Wher is of frogs, gnats, flies & worms  
and other like good store,

Among

Among the Willowes, Alderboughes  
and rotten Rades, with more  
Than I can name: and yet dost thou  
thus dare to mocke the Hills  
And make so small account of them?  
From whence (I pray thee) trills  
The spouting Spring: and where (good  
is marble quare yfounde (friend)  
That builds y Church: where grows y  
in vale o; hillie ground. (gold?  
What soile brings forth the lofty mast?  
where growes the Phisicke grasse:  
And herbes to cure diseases feil,  
if not in hillie place?  
I sund; y tunes on Baldus mount  
the Bearefoote gathred haue,  
Whiche Goates disease from soile of  
is ready way to sane: (death  
As Egon carste to me declarde  
when he did geld at Spring  
His sowes & lambez, he taught me that  
as sure and soueraine thing.  
Take here (quod he) the passingt heareb  
that ever grew on grunde.  
And further tell me (pray the) where  
are Chesnuts to be yfounde

The eight Eglogue.

More plentuons than on Hills aloft :  
where greater stoe of Mast :  
There ar both groues & pasture groûds :  
there I haue broke my fast  
With Pie full many a time and oft,  
and fattie gruell eate,  
There are the sturdie Children borne  
bolde youthes in my conceate,  
Brode footed Lads w<sup>th</sup> shoulders square,  
well brawned armes and strong,  
All hairy, handed harde, whose backes  
no weight can lightly wrong.  
From thence come lustie Mariners,  
that sayle the marble Seas,  
Are none more fitte for Towne affaires  
or Cittie than are these.  
Where thou wilt haue thy Cattell eat,  
or seeling timber sellde,  
Or Stables barmde, the Privie cleansd  
or Staying stoppe that helde  
The filth, remou'd from where it lay  
and bred a lothsome smell,  
Or men by Ladders to descende  
to Clauites as darke as Hell :  
These, these, are they that do the feate,  
their witts are passing god,

And they are of exceeding force  
And lustie strength by th wood.  
But what shall nede so many words?  
all toyle they take in hande : \*  
Waite in the Kitchin, make the fire,  
cast on the Chimney brande,  
Turne broch in cuning wise, make cleane  
and purge the louver hole,  
For smoke to passe, beare gutts & tripes  
to riuier in a hole,  
Swepe filthie floore with Birchē bronde,  
but most I meruaile how  
They run with burthen on their backes  
and never sceme to bowe.  
They are bred by among the Rockes  
and mid the Mountaines wonne;  
Like Goates into the crooked Caves  
of savage Beastes they runne.  
Beside this, eake the way is short  
from top of Hills to Skie,  
Up to the azurē cloudes they reach : }  
and some do stande so hie }  
As verily I dēme they touche  
the golden starres welme }  
They say there is a place where as  
the Sunne from Sea doth rise,

L.y.      Which

The eight Eglogue.

Whiche (if I well remember) semes  
vnto our mortall eyes  
Even with his head to touche y<sup>e</sup> Pone,  
and that there liu d a man :  
But afterward when greedy Lust  
and licorous lips began  
To tast the fruite that was so bid,  
and that he eate vp all  
The Apples, keeping none for God  
when he for fruite did call,  
This Gutton was expelde the place  
not suffred there to dwell.  
This makes that holie fathers like  
the lofty Hills so well,  
And there do choose them quiet staves  
to leade their lyues in rest :  
As Carthusse witness can full well,  
Carmelus, Gargans crest,  
Laureta, Athos, Lauern, Syne,  
Soractis picked pate,  
And Nursis thou that famous ark  
for aged Fathers fate.  
And good Gamalula, whose head  
so turretlke doth stande,  
Beset with Beeche and other trees  
that grow about the lande.

As for the rest I ouerpasse,  
for why I do not mynde  
In this my tale to compasse all.

The Gods of state'y kynde  
Do of: frequent the hil'y holtes,  
when downe in vale below  
Dwel Ducks, Didopper, Bitour, Goose  
Kite, Shag, and other moe. \*

Among the pleasures of the hills  
Wherof you speake so much,  
How chauncde that you do nothing here  
the Clene and Hartest touch?  
And yet those two are chiefest staves  
and ardes in life of Man. \*\*

Those Mountain lads from rocky hills *Candidus.*  
come hither nowe and than  
To brye our Co:ne in market place,  
Grym wights all grymde with dust,  
As rough as hogs, as lanc as rakes  
raggd, leaping at a crust.

The dwellers shewe the places kynde  
and what his nature is.

But that you speake of Sacred bse  
and Mountaine holynis  
Path brought unto my mynde agayn  
of Pollux what is sayd.

*Alphus.*

The eight Eglogue.

Alphus.

O *Candid*, if thou canst declare  
What Goddesse 'tis, what Mayde,  
Say on, for that wherof we gan  
to chatte, is all in vaine :  
Mo:re better were of holie trade  
to talke, and greater gaine. \* \*

*Candidus*. That *Galbula* that earst was wont  
with thee his flocke to feede,  
Could fully haue instructed thee  
in thy demauide with spade. \*

Alphus.

Of *Pollux* much was sayd before,  
but yet no worde was spoke  
There of the *Nymph*, nor did I then  
him therunto proucke.  
But now this talke of Church affaires  
and holie sacred things  
(For sure they best deserve the praise)  
to my remembrance brings. \* \*

*Candidus*. She was no *Driad Nymph* perdie  
that in the woods doth wonne :  
She was no *Muse* of those that boute  
*Lybathris* Mount doth wonne.  
Nor any of those *Orcades*  
that haunt the hills on hie :  
But Mother shae to *Mightie G O D*  
descended from the *Heic*. }  
To

To bring a peace to such as in  
distresse and trouble lie.

Danie *Tethys* is hir wayting mayde,  
and lady *Ceres* eke

Attendes hir traine, and *Aole* he  
that by his force doth breake

And b;idles wrath of wailward windes  
that in his prison are,

Hir God hath plast aboue the Sunne  
and golden glistring starre

Aboue *Casiope* the faire,  
and hath adornde hir head

And sacred front with twice six signes  
that hir enuiron spread:

And more than that, the watrie *Moone*  
that shewes hir face by night

Full biderneth hir godly fote  
his prouidence hath pight. \*

O *Candid*, wonders thou declarste  
which *Shepheirds* neuer knew,

What is that *Tethys* tell me, and  
*Casiope* glittring he we?

What is that *Aole* that indenne  
doth b;idle blistring wunde?

What be those fierie *Stoards*: thou telist  
great meruailles, rare to finde.

Alphes.

The eight Eglogue.

Whiche (if I well remembre) seemes  
vnto our mortall eyes  
Even with his head to touche y pone,  
and that there liu d a man :  
But afterward when grædy Lust  
and licozous lips began  
To tast the fruite that w. is so;bid,  
and that he eate vp all  
The Apples, keping none so; God  
when he for fruite did call,  
This Glutton was expelde the place  
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the lofty Hills so well,  
And there do chuse them quiet staves  
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And Nursis thou that famous art  
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And god Gamalula, whose head  
so turrelike doth stande,  
Beset with Beeche and other treas  
that grow about the lande.

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As for the rest I ouerpasse,  
for why I do not mynde  
In this my rale to compasse all.

The Gods of state'y kynde  
Do of: frequent the hilly holites,  
when downe in vale below  
Dwel Ducks, Didopper, Witour, Gose  
Kite, Shag, and other moe. \*

Among the pleasures of the hills  
Wherof you speake so much,  
How chauncde that you do nothing here  
the Vine and Haruest toach?  
And yet those two are chieffest staves  
and ardes in life of Man. \*\*

Those Mountain lads from rocky hills *Candidus.*  
come hither nowe and than

To bryg our Cōne in market place,  
Grym wights all grymde with dust,  
As rough as hogs, as leane as rakes  
raggd, leaping at a cruff.

The dwellers shewe the places kynde  
and what his nature is.

But that you speake of Sacred vse  
and Mountaine holynis  
Hath brought unto my mynde agayn  
of Pollux what is sayd.

*Alphus.*

The eight Eglogue.

*Alphus.*

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What Goddesse tis, what Mayde,  
Say on, for that wherof we gan  
to chatte, is all in vaine :  
More better were of holie trade  
to talke, and greater gaine. \* \* \*

*Candidus.* That *Galbula* that earst was wont  
with thes his flocke to feede,  
Could fully haue instructed thes  
in thy demauhde with spade. \*

*Alphus.* Of *Pollux* much was sayd before,  
but yet no worde was spoke  
There of the *Nymph*, no; did I then  
him therunto proucke.  
But now this talke of Church affaires  
and holie sacred things  
(For sure they best deserue the praise)  
to my remembrance bringes. \* \* \*

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that in the woods doth wonne :  
She was no *Muse* of those that houte  
*Iybethris Mount* deth wonne.  
Nor any of those *Orcades*  
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But Mother shae to *Mightie G O D*  
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that in his prison are.

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Aboue *Cassiope* the faire,  
and hath adorne hir head

And sacred front with twice six signes  
that hir eniron spread:

And more than that, the watrie *Mone*  
that shewes hir face by night

Full bnderneth hir godly feote  
his prouidence hath pight. \*

O *Candid*, wonders thou declarst:  
which *Shephierds* neuer knew,

What is that *Tethys* tell me, and  
*Cassiope* glittring he we?

What is that *Aole* that in denne  
doth bryde blustering wunde?

What be those fierie *Spoadz*: thou telist  
great meruali:es, rare to finde.

*Alphas.*

The eight Eglogue.

*Candidus.* Some part of them bē starres in deede,  
some part names founde of olde.  
All which when Pollux had to me  
in largest maner tolde,  
Into the Temple ledde me forth  
and sayde: This Sacred Wall  
That here thou viewst, is able well  
to make thes shewe of all.  
The wall was painted ful of signes  
and Figures all about,  
All I remember not, my braine  
is weake, tis quickly out:  
Scarce this I bore away, soz all  
I ofte reuolu'd the same,  
And did recompt within my head  
ethe thing, and ery name.  
Soz sundry times soz to recompt  
a thirg in couert brest  
Ali phisicke farre excells, I dāme  
that feate to be the best.  
That Virgin can from darkned skies,  
the duskie cloudes remoue,  
She can to partched corne giue drinke  
to make the Harue p:cue.  
End when hit pleasure is, she can  
cause spryngs in fieldes to rise,

And

And when hir list repreesse the same  
againe in wondrous wise.

She can (if be hir pleasure) make  
the baraine soile and grounde  
As fatte as any pasture, and  
make it with grayne abounde.

When *Scorpions* in his darksome lodges  
and hellish house receines

The olde *Saturnus* frosty starres,  
that worldly things bereaues  
Of blisfull state, this Virgin can  
inforce to kepe no cople :

The rattlyng hayle shall nothing move  
the Co:ne vpon the sayle.

The house shall never fall by fyre  
or wasted be with flame :

For now they say, the *Skies* procure  
and angrie starres the same.

Oh, if this Virgin be disposde,  
she can make all things sure,  
If she be frendly, corne shall fill  
the barnes, she can procure  
The beast to bring a twimre to light  
to glad the maisters minde,  
Yea and she list, although the shirpe  
be drie and notte by kinde,

she

The eight Eg loge.

She can enforce with twink of eye  
and becke of friendly browe  
The dugge to strout with milke, þ back  
with wóll, and Lanibes ynowe.  
She can remoue all vile disease  
that noyes the hurtlesse Beast,  
She can tell how to cure the flocke  
with any griefe oppress.  
Now naedlesse is to follow Pan  
or any rusticke Saint :  
Which auncient folks did honour so,  
with follies mist attaint.  
I sawe about the Altare of  
this Virgin, sucking Kid,  
Ploughs, Oxen, Sheepe, & Janus Goat,  
and written there I spid  
In table that at Altar hōng  
this Verse : Here Janus hee  
That lost his Goate, for Goate yfōud  
doth offer this to thee.  
And whilste I red this writte on wall  
With knee on marble stōne  
Sai Pollux pray before the Are  
and Virgin call vpon.  
He sayd : O Goddess that preseruest  
both Towne and Countrey well

I pray that *Padus* bous his banks  
and lunites may not swell.  
And that no *Fayrie* sucke by night  
our babes in our armes,  
Nor that such *Weggs* about our coast  
may rangle with their charmes.  
O Goddesse sauour husbandmen,  
the wastfull *Want* destroy  
That is our davlie foe, and doth  
our pasture grounds anoye.  
O Goddesse, when the *Winter* comes  
and we haue sowne our seede,  
Sende downe some pleasant showres of  
to moist the soile at neede (raine  
Lest creeping wormes, and vermine vile  
in ycare that is to come  
Do gnaw y corne with marring mouth  
and lothsome little gumme.  
From *Borias* blast defende the *Fig*,  
from cruell *Crane* the *Weanes*,  
The *Haruest* corne from greedie *Cees*  
ybred in *Marrish Fennes*.  
The *Ore* from spitting *Adders* iawes,  
from *Fore* and *Thooſe* the *Sharpe*,  
From *Locust* *Coales* & *Lettis* leaucs,  
the *Tine* in *Winter* kepe.

Etc

The eight Eglogue.

The flocke & folde from Woulfes deceit,  
the corne from burning blast,  
The dogs from madnesse, towns fro fire  
and thundring bolts yeast.  
The legge of Bacon from the spouse,  
the Gamon from the wight  
That kepes the Campe, and in the filde  
doth dayly use to fight.  
From Palmer, and the slouthfull : Oh,  
I haue welnie for got  
The rest, perhaps recitall of . . .  
the former verse will not  
Be hurtfull, but reduce to minde  
what I had thought to say :  
Wherefore I will begin agayne,  
Where I right now did stay.  
The legge of Bacon from the spouse  
the Gamon from the wight  
That kepes the Campe, and in the field  
doth dayly use to fyght.  
From Palmer and the slouthful Snaile  
the Gardens grane as Grasse.  
Hast (Alphus) what a verse can do :  
now is it come to passe  
As earst I thought it woulde indeede,  
reuenance is renewde.

22

O Virgin sauе from thunders roze  
 the Drinke we lately b̄ewde.  
 Bepe wel the blossomd Elves from cold, ple request  
 the Calues from stinging flie.  
 The Hogs frō squince & swelling throte  
 so that ther may not die.  
 That Ploughmens labour be not lost  
 O Goddesse do thy best,  
 Let not the Wyues of Honey Bees  
 by Hornets be opprest.  
 Ne let the Lynet spul the Hirce  
 or Mylet sedes destrov,  
 Nor briers, by renting of the wolle  
 eare sheare tyme, sheape annoy.  
 Let not the hangyng burre stuke fast  
 upon the hairie flxe  
 That makes the flocke pildnecked, and  
 his couering coate to hise.  
 O Goddesse that dost gouerne men  
 and hast of children care,  
 O Goddesse ease to labvng wights  
 and suche as byde the care.  
 The salue to such as are diseasde,  
 of flockes the chiefeſt stay.  
 I thre beseche to yeilde a becke  
 to this that I do say.

A ſillie ſhep  
 hertdes fir-

This

The eight Eglogue.

This prayer deuoutly *Pollux* made  
the whilist I leande my backe  
Unto a poast, and stayde my foote  
against a staffe, it staks  
Within my braine that he had sayd,  
his wordes I noted well,  
I plaste the processe in my brest  
that he before did tell. \*

*Alphus.* How thinkst thou *Candid* is't not right  
and reason that we shold  
To *Pollux* yelde some gift for prayers  
and Sacred tale he tolde?  
For sure by suche devotion  
our richesse are preserv'd. \* \* \*

*Candidus.* What els? somewhat we must bestow,  
for somewhat he deseru'd. \*

*Alphus.* What shal we giue? by th' Rode a Calf  
is costly to forgoe,  
We either will a Lambe, or Hare,  
or Goose on him bestowe. \* \* \*

*Candidus.* The time instructeth what to giue.  
at Winter serues the Hare,  
When so the Snowe he can no<sup>t</sup> ...  
the Goose we best may sparce  
At latter end of Haruest time  
when Sommer weares away

The

The Filberd, Appels, clustred Grapes  
about Midsommer day.

The sucking kids, and bleating Lambs  
at entring of the Spring.

For then is rotten hare by chauice  
anoide them any thing,

Or any thou so weake espie,  
as nether well can liue,

For butcher in the market place  
for him will money giue,

(The gifte will be accepted well)  
that Lambe of all the rest

Besitos (I say) to make a friende  
with him I comptit best.

Let Pollux haue it for his patnes  
and solemne tale yf olde.

He after dinner when that I  
from him departed would,

Gaue me such Verses as he founde  
writte in some auncient booke

Of holy Virgins solemne feastes :  
and said, I pray the looke

To port this geare when so by happe  
thou art with care opprest,

Recouer this medicine of the minde  
and fise it fast in brest.

What

## The eight Eglogue.

What time the Sunne the *Lion* leaueth  
and *Virgo* entres in,  
Then in remembrance of this *Vir-*  
gin let the youth begin  
And aged eke with siluer haire,  
to triumph and be glad,  
For then she left the earth and to  
the *Sokies* her iourney had.  
The fourte and twentith after that  
is holy day anewe,  
This *Virgins* birth day makes *þ* church  
and altars (this is true)  
With taper light to shine like fire  
and glister all with flame :  
Then doth *þ* priest new offrings make,  
the time requires the same.  
Then *Libra* makes returne in *half*  
to cause the *Sommer* night  
To be full equall with the day  
and so appeare in sight.  
The men of *Pycen* waren glad  
on *Adrianus* flood  
Then come *Illyrians*, *Chacons* eke  
and *Thuscans* with their god  
And ware to sell for grēdy gayne,  
from *Umbria* other some,

Venba

The eight Eglogue. 81

Venetians, men of Sicill to  
Lauretum temple come  
By troupes to offer vp their gifts :  
and hauing prayde a time,  
Up to the statelie mountaine they  
in flockes togither clime.  
And when the Sunne doth enter in  
his house that bendlis the Bowe  
By shorter course, and bitter frostes  
anoy the soile beloive,  
Shut vp in Cloister close she did  
the mightie God conceaue,  
Whiche contemplation from hir head  
did worldly thoughts bereaue.  
Hir proper parents she forgot,  
so much on God she thought.  
And when that *Phœbus* flies the Bowe  
whose string is bent so tought,  
And gins vnto the lodging colde  
of horned Goate to goe :  
Then let both man and woman on  
with garments best to shewe,  
And let them kepe that sacred day  
high holy feast, wherin  
With sacred seide that aged Sire  
did fill his wife within.

M.J.

Fo:

The eight Eglogue.

For in that day abone the rest  
She did conceiue the childe  
That washt away the sinne that woulde  
all mortall men defilde.  
When Sol the moistic harbour of  
*Aquarius* vnderglides,  
At point to bring the Spring about:  
then go you gallant brides  
And Patrons, set the Altars ful  
of torch and taper light,  
Cast cense in flame to make a fume  
bring candles blasing bright,  
Make pompe as great as ere you can.  
This Lady brought a bed  
Vhir little Babe hath borne to church  
and hath full happily sped.  
When he the Captaine of the hierb  
with glittering fleece of golde  
(I meane the Ramme) begins to quite  
the earth from Winter colde,  
And brings the gentle fitts of heate  
and pleasant pusses of winde  
Allowing day more houres than night,  
as is the Sommers kinde,  
Let Gabriel then the Angell come  
and do his message right,

Decla

Declaring tidings to the Nymph  
 that made the Nymph afeare.  
 That holi day the Thascanes all  
 from Mountains makes descendes  
 And Arnycols procureth to  
 the Florence Church to wende.  
 And then (for why the Virgin was  
 not long before they say,  
 Espousde) becomes unwedded maides  
 to celebrate the day.

When Phebus vnder farthest point  
 of crawling Crabbe doth goe,  
 And Dogge approaching brings disease,  
 and makes the seueras growe:  
 Hys holi cle that sacred tide,  
 with incense cast in fyre,  
 So Mary then from mother of Iohn  
 did home agayne retire.

About the stonie Altars hang  
 to either damme a share  
 (In token of your ioyfull hearts)  
 of Lady Ceres ware.

The Corne that first was ripe in fields,  
 and gan to change his heire,  
 Do offer that (I say) to them  
 that mothers are to view.

The eight Eglogue.

This Pollux taught : for walking he  
amid the mountaines hie  
A field to folde, did chaunce to cast  
his rauning eyes to hie  
In cleare and quiete starrie night :  
and saue by fortune there  
The order of the Heauens, and how  
the starres disposed were.  
And more than these bisides ywis :  
but fast declining tyme  
Will not permit as now we shoule  
prolong our talke begunne.

¶ The ix. Eglogue en-  
tituled FALCO.

The Argument.

Here Faustul having throughly tryde  
the nature of the Romaine ground:  
The vilenesse of the soyle, and Shep-  
hierds filthy manners doth expound.

The speakers names.

Faustulus. Candidus.

O C. m.

O Candid howe besals  
 that thou from native home  
 A wight erilde in foraine land  
 and strangie Realme dost come?  
 For here no Pastures are  
 nor Fountaines to be found,  
 No safe Shēpecoates, no shrouding shā  
 to keepe the cattle sound. \* des,  
 Thus (Faustul) stands the case,  
 one Coridon that in  
 These quarters kept his flock, and by  
 that meane great wealth did win,  
 Draue me to daemie that here  
 amyd these Mountaines was  
 Most pleasant Pasture for my Shēpe,  
 and holsome vaine of grasse.  
 But sithens now I see  
 and plainly viewe with eye,  
 The barren ground & Pastures piclde,  
 soile rockie, Fountaines dry,  
 It yrks me that I came  
 so rashly out of doore,  
 The iourners long, and leauing of  
 my Countrey grieues me soore. \* \*  
 Well since it was thy happe  
 in safetie to attaine

Faustulus.

Candidus.

Faustulus.

The ninth Eglogue.

The Latine Pastures, I woulde crane  
(if thou wilt take the paine)  
To my poore house to come,  
of fellowship do so,  
I haue selve akers here of lande  
to liue vpon, no mo  
Than poorely will maintaine  
my lowe and needic state:  
But such as tis, take parte I pray  
let runne in common rate.  
Perhaps some better hap  
and fortune will besall.  
For Chaunce resembles much a blast  
of winde, to wanering th;all.  
Come to my sedgie Coate  
till raging heate be past,  
And whilst the flock layd downe on soile  
do cheue the Cud full fast.  
Do way the Shepecrooke, sit  
thare downe and tipple square:  
We nadie to drinke, by drinke we shall  
auoide this scorching care.  
Take thou the Cruse in hande,  
for after drinke (they say)  
The tale with better grace is tolde  
it better goes away. \*\*\*

Willat

What mad man woulde in such  
a heate refuse the Cup? \*

Candidus.

Pea, Wine doth quel the cruell thirst  
if it be tippled vp.

Wine doth diminish care  
and dolours of the minde:

As Wine brædes friendshippes, so it doth  
augment the strength by kinde. \*

This Countrey hath good Grapes,  
if so they here do growe. \*\*

Candidus.

Fill out againe, the former draught  
is but a tast you knowe.

Faustulus.

The seconde weates the iawes,  
the third doth cole the rage  
Of burning mouth, the fourth w<sup>th</sup>irst  
a cruel warre doth wage.

The fift full fiercely fights,  
the sirt doth conquer aye,

The seauenth triumphs, Oenophilus  
earst so was wont to say. \*

Tis wisdome to incline  
and followe sounde advise,  
Tis for the profit to giue care  
to aged Fathers wise.

Candidus.

Now thir<sup>t</sup> is conquerd well,  
yet maytheleste my harte

viiiij.

Is

The ninth Eglogue.

Is penitue aye, & thoughtful care  
augments my wonted smart. \*\*\*

*Faustulus.* As thirst is banisht, so  
the minde shall purchase ease :  
Fill out the licour of the Grape,  
drincke freely if you please.

*This physick is to drive  
the heart pangs out of place.*

Ronie to abandon cruell cares  
this Medcine vsde like ease. \*

*Candidus.* All toile and trauaile craues  
a time of rest and stay,  
Let bottle stande, and stoppe him close  
to keepe the flies away.  
The day is nothing wette,  
not dealwic is the night,  
Which makes that forrage ca not grow  
but is consumed quight.

Fell famine, cruel toile,  
with heate of scotching aire  
Haue made the Cattle passing leane,  
and brought them in dispaire

Of cuer being fat :  
scarce can they dralwe their winde,  
Their guts are clung to emptie skinne,  
the bones sticke out behinde.

*This*

This Ramme that beate the Woulfe  
with horne and bounsing brow,  
Is weaker than a Sharpe, a Lambe  
doth passe his courage now.  
Thus much the Crow declarde  
with haly sacred bill:  
But I was overhastly bent  
to followe raging will.  
Scarce was I cut of dore  
but he was straight at hande,  
And bringing yll abodement, gan  
on houses top to stande  
Upon the lester side,  
and with an angrie beake  
With open signe of fell mysschap  
aloude began to squeake  
O most vnhappy beast,  
that wonted wert of yore  
When on our soile thou feddst, to bring  
of Wilke and Cattle store,  
Nowe seeking pastures newe,  
more kindly strength dost misse  
By wearie trauaile, than by foode  
thou gained hast vxisse.  
Here both we faint yfearre,  
thou with thy slender fare,

The ninth Eglogue.

And I pōre wight in Sunder crūsh't  
with cruel girding care.  
Now is our countrey stūf't  
with wealth: what Medow grounds  
Hāne we: What pastures grāne as  
within our Countrey bounds: (lāke  
D̄ merrie ioyfull soile,  
and fertile fieldes to see,  
Whēre aye is Coine vpon the grounde  
and whēre fresh riuers bē  
Aye passing through the Townes  
and Burroughs whēre we wōnne,  
And whēre through erie Village and  
eche Garden flouds do rōnne,  
This makes the godly flockes  
and pasture fieldes so fatte.  
Whēn crabbed Cancer rules, and men  
do plie the th̄e shing batte,  
And scotching Julie scaldes:  
the fieldes do flourish grēne,  
The Apples grow in euery hedge.  
amid the brakes are seene  
Sweete smelling floures euery where  
and pleasant to the nose,  
In euery bush there standes on stalke  
of euery hue a Rose.

D̄ plea:

O pleasant shade of Groues  
and sound of trembling leaues,  
Which carst (I munde) with thee I had  
among the shadie greaves.  
Where we the Turtles plaint  
and Swallowes songs did heare  
And Philomeles sundrie tunes,  
when Locusts first appears,  
That make the Groues to ring  
with shrill and shrieking cries,  
The aire that shooke the leauie boughs  
from Eurus did arise.  
Alost our heads the tree  
that *Cornus* hight there hangde,  
Whose boistrous armes were all about  
with Berries brauely spangde.  
I sitting on the grounde  
sawe how the beastes did spore,  
And tender Lambs with hertlesse horns  
did fight in friendly sorte.  
And when that sleepe was past,  
o; staring to the Skies.  
I blewe my Pipe, o; else did sing  
What best I mought devise.  
Another while I would  
layd grasse vpon the grasse,

Plucke

The ninth Eglogue.

Pluck strawberies fr̄ slender stalkes  
the time awa y to passe. \*\*\*

*Faustulus.* Then happie was thy life,  
thou wert a blessed wight,  
But of that friendly Fortune thou  
didst take no greate delight.

Thou scōndest that present state,  
a worse not having tride,  
And that procurde that Fortune so  
away from thee did glide.

When so it comes againe,  
(if euer thou haue the happe)

Euen as the braunches of the WINE  
the propping poastes do lappe,  
And them eniron grove  
fast clasping them about :

So catch hir with thy hands, and caught  
let hit no way get out.

She goes and makes returne,  
and often chaungeth hue :

Much like the HEGGS that by reporte  
about the Mountaines flue,  
And rangled in the darke  
and shadie Mist of night.

And as this Fortune shif:is hir looks,  
and chops and chaungeth sight,

So wandring is bir minde,  
mēre iestings are bir ioyes:  
Loke what she gane she takes againe,  
no reason, all in ioyes.  
The man that feares the wort,  
or warely looks about,  
She scornes and as an abicct hates,  
she shuts the Dastard out. \*

As oft as we to minde  
do call our Countrey soile  
We can not paciently endure  
this wofull wearie toile.  
But whether run my wits  
that am tormented thus?  
To double present woe do I  
now think on former blisse?  
Now merrie May is come,  
the Cline is greene to viewe,  
Now Co:ne hath taken eire, Pomegranates are of golden hiewe.  
Cche where the bushes smell,  
the Elder trees are white  
Within our Countrey, al about  
both Pade and Mince in sight.  
But here yet scarcely do  
the Groues begin to bode,

Candidus.

Lxxd

The ninth Eglogue.

And if so be that in the spring  
the ground be dead, by th' w<sup>m</sup>  
What will it do when force  
of winter comes in place,  
And soile is clad with frostie clothes  
or scalding sunniers blase ?  
Yet here are hircs of beastes  
With slick and finest skin,  
Upon whose boistrous brauned neckes  
the yoake hath never bin :  
Whose sorheads hardned are  
With double horne to see,  
No doubt, unlesse they fed agew<sup>m</sup>,  
they could not lightly bee  
Dealwapped so before  
With dangles hanging downe. \* \* \*

*Faujulus.* These beastes whose loftie heads & lokes  
are lifted hie from groune,  
And haue such spindle shankes  
and goe with loftie gates :  
Devoure up all, first grasse, and then  
they make the boughs their cates.  
With upward reaching iawes  
and greedie gaping chappe,  
They chew the chieffest pasture groundes  
and trees in swifter snappe.

This

This weake and siellie beast  
that only fædes on grasse  
That growes on groun̄d, doth fast ful oft  
in pastures bare as glasse. \*

What needes such lauish talke?  
all living things of kind  
Haue this condition, aye the small  
the great his foe doth finde.

The Lambe is pracie to Woulfe,  
to Eagle gentle Doves,  
The Delphin hunts the hurtlesse fish  
that in the wallowe moues.

How coms this geare about?  
a monstrous thing it is.

This place, if from aloft thou looke  
will seeme to be ywis

Good pasture ground and fine,  
as full of grasse as needes:

But how much neerer that you come,  
the more appeare the weedes,  
Then shewes the filth his kinde,  
then plainly 'tis discide. \*\*

Rome is to men as to the birds  
the Dwele with visage wide,  
She sits vpon a stocke,  
and like a stately Quene

*Candidus.*

*Faustulus.*

*Wulff*

The ninth Eglogue.

With lostie berks she calis a farr  
F the Birds that nie hir beane.  
The route suspecting nought  
together come apace,  
They martiell at hir picked eares  
and gastiyl glewing face,  
And at hir Monstrous head  
and crooked bending yll :  
Whilste thus (I say) they hoppe about  
not minding any yll,  
From sprig to sprig, from bough  
to bough, from tree to tree,  
Some threades are with limed lace,  
With twigs some other bee  
Caught : thus all as pray  
vnto the Broach do goe. \*

*Candidas.* O this is passing, nothing can  
be better sayde I trowe.

But see how yonder snake  
with crooked crawling pace  
Glides on the grauell ground, and as  
he commeth to thy place  
With shirrie gaping iawes  
and tong infectes the aire. \*\*\*

*Faustulus.* O Candid minde well what I say,  
let to thy breast repaire,

what

What time thou wandrest in the wood  
 thine eyes defende  
 And garde with hat, for bushie thornes  
 their poinant pricks pretende  
 To noy thy face, and if  
 thou take not great god heede  
 The crooked hanging brimbles will  
 rent off thy crooked weede.  
 Do not alway thy Crooke,  
 haue bosome full of stones,  
 Least some nelve unerpected foe  
 oppresse thee for the nones.  
 Put on thy Cokers eke  
 and stirstes to beware,  
 The bushie Groues are ful of snakes,  
 with bite they breed our care,  
 In daylie hazard of our lines,  
 and now the Sommer makes  
 Their poysoned venom ranckle sore  
 where so by chaunce it takes.  
 A thousand Wolues there be,  
 as many Foxes here  
 Belowe in bottome of the wale,  
 that do not yet appere.  
 And (monstrous thing to speake)  
 my selfe haue scene with eye

P.1. Hen

The ninth Eglogue:

Men woulfie shape and manners set  
in prouise and practise I,  
That with their flocks haue dealt  
too cruelly in dæde,  
And all imbrude with slaughter of  
their beasts they forst to blæde.  
The neighbour places laugh,  
no; feare the cruell spoile,  
Nor once will go about to stoppe  
this greedie bloudie broile.  
And oftentimes appear  
fell vglie shapes to sight,  
Whiche earth by influence vile bringes  
sometime the Dogs do fight (forth,  
And vse such cruell rage,  
as farre they do surpass  
The tyrannie of bloudie Wolves:  
that route that rampire was  
And garde to flocks of yore,  
put on a wrathfull minde,  
And slay the siellie Cattle that  
their fortune is to finde.  
In Ægypt men report  
they honourd certaine beasts  
And sundrie countred Gods to be  
With pompe and solemine seales.  
That

That superstition was  
deserving lesser blame  
Than ours, for we to every beast  
a severall Altar frame :  
A thing contrary quite  
to God, and lawes of kinde.  
For he ordainde a man as heade  
and chiese of brittish kinde.  
And sundrie times the hote  
and scalding sommers rayes  
And plagie yeare approacheth fast,  
that every beast decayes  
About the open fieldes :  
the sucking Lambe that cries  
At deade Dams teate himselfe with vile  
disease on sodaine dies.  
Euen underneath the yoake  
the Oren leese their breath,  
And as they traunde in the way  
yelde life to cruell death.  
No reason in the plague,  
no physick to assake  
This venome vile, and poysonde filth :  
but house from house doth take  
Infection of the same,  
and drinke up deadly sore,

P. 9.

And

The eight Eglogue.

And dayly so contagion of  
this povson growes to moze.  
This plague kil's lightly no  
fell sauage bluddie beast,  
The yong ones prosper too too well,  
the Wolues make gladsome feast  
And rend with ruthlesse chaps  
our siellie cattle that  
But lately dide, and by our losse  
thus Wolues do waren fat. \*

*Candidus.* Alas vnhappy I,  
what rash and foolish mood  
Drew me: who so doth credit same,  
I think him mad and wood.  
Of Romaine hils I heard,  
of stately Tyber eake,  
And men of goodlie Romaine roses  
and buildings earst did speake.  
I out of hand had great  
desire to see the same,  
And leade my life within a soile  
that was of such a name.  
With halfe my herd I came  
(a mad man in my thought)  
For whic with me both Tent and all  
my Shephierds trinkets brought  
Through

Throughout the Mountaines hie,  
 Pailes, Pans ymade of brasse,  
 With Caldrons, Chescfat eke, and all  
 the rest that fittest was  
 For making of the Chase,  
 and so it was my hap  
 To lose my troublous trauaile and  
 my charges at a clap.  
 Alas what shall I doe?  
 Which way my selfe conuert?  
 The hoped pleasures are denied,  
 there are in erie parte  
 So many daungerous hysps,  
 so sundrie perils prest,  
 As I am driven vnto my Coate  
 againe to take my rest:  
 Constrainde of force to say  
 and graunt it ill begunne,  
 The toile I toke in hand of late  
 by heate of scalding sunne,  
 By wearie trauaile home to slocks  
 I am enforst to runne.  
 Alas vnhappie hierd,  
 O Shephierd yll accurst,  
 More better had it bene for thee  
 if thou hadst staide at furst

The ninth Eglogue.

At home in native soile,  
and there haue waren olde  
(Than thither to haue rashly come)  
wher thou moughtst haue be bold  
In countrey well beknolwne of the  
and coast exceeding colde:  
And *Padus* banckes about,  
and *Athesis* too strayne,  
Or there wher *Myncius* twart y fields  
and pastures runnes vntaide.  
Or else where *Abdua* with  
his siluer chanel flowes  
To haue remainde, and fed thy hierde  
with swete and holsome bowes.\*\*

*Faustulus.* This light beliefe of thine,  
both thee and me beguiles,  
For I haue seene those gracie wights  
that longd to climbe erewhiles  
And late in pleasures mount,  
from praised goods to slip,  
Nor could escape: Experience  
causeth men beware the whip.  
The warie children trie  
and wisely looke about,  
Nor follow ery liked thing  
though braggers boast it out.

Now

The ninth Eglogue. 92

Now chieffest things they lande  
and earned praise do want,  
That were of yore right worthy same,  
(all these I needes must graunt)  
Whose names alone remaine :  
as Lune and Adria eake,  
And Saluya with auncient Troie  
of whome did Umber speake.  
But (as I sayd) the names  
are now aliue and left,  
The rest ingratefull wasting Time  
and fretting Age hath left.  
Though now of lesser lande  
and praise our Countrey bee,  
Yet better is the thing perhaps.  
Eche man aliue doth see  
And knowes what great renoume  
Rome euer had ere this :  
The same (god sayth) as yet remaunes,  
the auncient gaine beginnes  
And profit is supprest.  
Those floods that earst did flowse  
Atwhart the fields and pasture grouds,  
finde lacke of licour nowe.  
Drie are the welleie baines,  
the moisture quite is gone,

¶.iiiij. 93

The ninth Eglogue.

No cloud doth shoure, nor Tyber glides  
the gasping fieldes vpon.

Time auncient Conduites hath  
and leaden Pipes defast,

The Towres are in decay : wherfore  
hence hence (my Coates) in hast.

Herc wrons but famine nowe,  
herc want of wealth doth raigne :

Pet here (they say) doth dwell, and we  
our selues haue seene it plaine

A Shepheard, one that of  
the Falcon, *Falco* hight,

Well storde of sterrie Shrepe, for pa-  
ture grounds a wealthie wight.

That in his Songs excels  
the antique Poets, and

The skilfull *Orpheus* that both woods  
and rockes about the land

By force of Musike drew,  
the rest of Romaine race

He so farre doth surpass (a straunge  
and monstrous vgglie case)

As Padus Tybers streme,  
and Abdua Macras flood,

The Willow Wuirush, Thistle Rose,  
the Dealuedes Pepple wood.

21c

We thinke him not unkynd  
that noble worthe night  
Whose Altars *Mars* made to shine  
twelue daies with sacred light.  
This Shepherd keps his flockes,  
with farre more watchfull care  
Than *Argus* did that in his head  
a hundred watchmen bare.  
And *Daphnis* not alone  
but that *Apollo* eake  
That fed *Admetus* hierd in Thes-  
sale soile as Poets speake,  
Well worthie to succede  
and take the charge in hand  
Of Fisher that forewent his nets,  
and kept his Shærpe at land.  
He knowes the way to garde  
his cattle, how to drise  
Diseases from infected flocke,  
and sauе his Lambs aline:  
Moist eke the Pasture groundes,  
giue grasse, let riuers goe,  
And reconcile the mightie *Love*,  
abandon thievish for.  
Beate off the barking *Woulfe*,  
that sackes the beasts to kill.

R. v.      D Candid

The ninth Eglogue.

O Candid here make thy abode  
If so be Falcos will :  
But if he once restraine  
his favour and his grace,  
Drine thou away the hierde, and haste  
to seke a better place.

FINIS.

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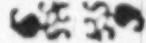
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Faultes escaped in Printing.

Leaf.1.side.1.line.12. for flock reade flocks

Leaf.14.side.1.line.11. Fortunatus. The  
counsell reade The counsell

Ibid.line.16. for Among the reade Fortu-  
natus. Among the

Leaf.20.side.1.line.20. for (mourning  
reade mourning and in the same line  
for affects) reade affects

Leaf.24.side.2.line.25. word read words

Leaf.26.side.1.line.14. his reade this

Leaf.29.side.1.line.8. geue reade gaue

Leaf.38.side.2.line.21. for weakefull reade  
weakesfull

Leaf.40.side.2.line.3. for makes reade  
make & for temple reade temples

Leaf.52.side.1.line.11. Boreas reade Borias

Leaf.57.side.2.line.23. for from reade to

Leaf.63.side.2.line.2. I reade Cornix. I

Leaf.64.side.2.line.11. for ouergoe reade  
ouergrowe.

Leaf.68.side.2.line.3. for painted panting

Leaf.69.side.1.line.4. for fran- reade  
frensie & line.5. leaue out sie

Leaf.75.side.2.line.2. for O Candid reade  
Alphus. O Candid

Leaf.85.side.2.line.2.4. encry reade ecce

Leaf.88.side.2.line.23. for thy reade the